

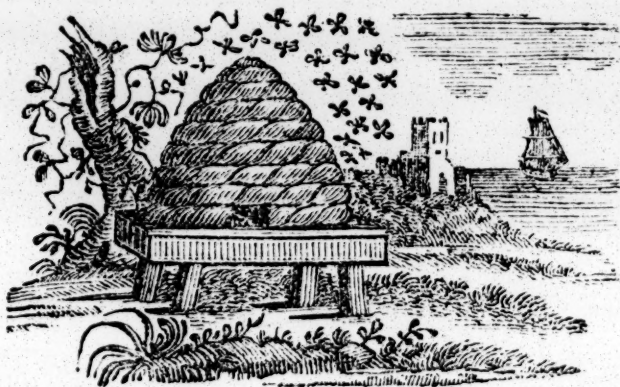
# THE HIVE:

OR,

THE SONGSTER'S MISCELLANY.

BEING

*A Selection of the latest and most approved*  
SONGS, DUETS, &c.



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FOURTH EDITION.

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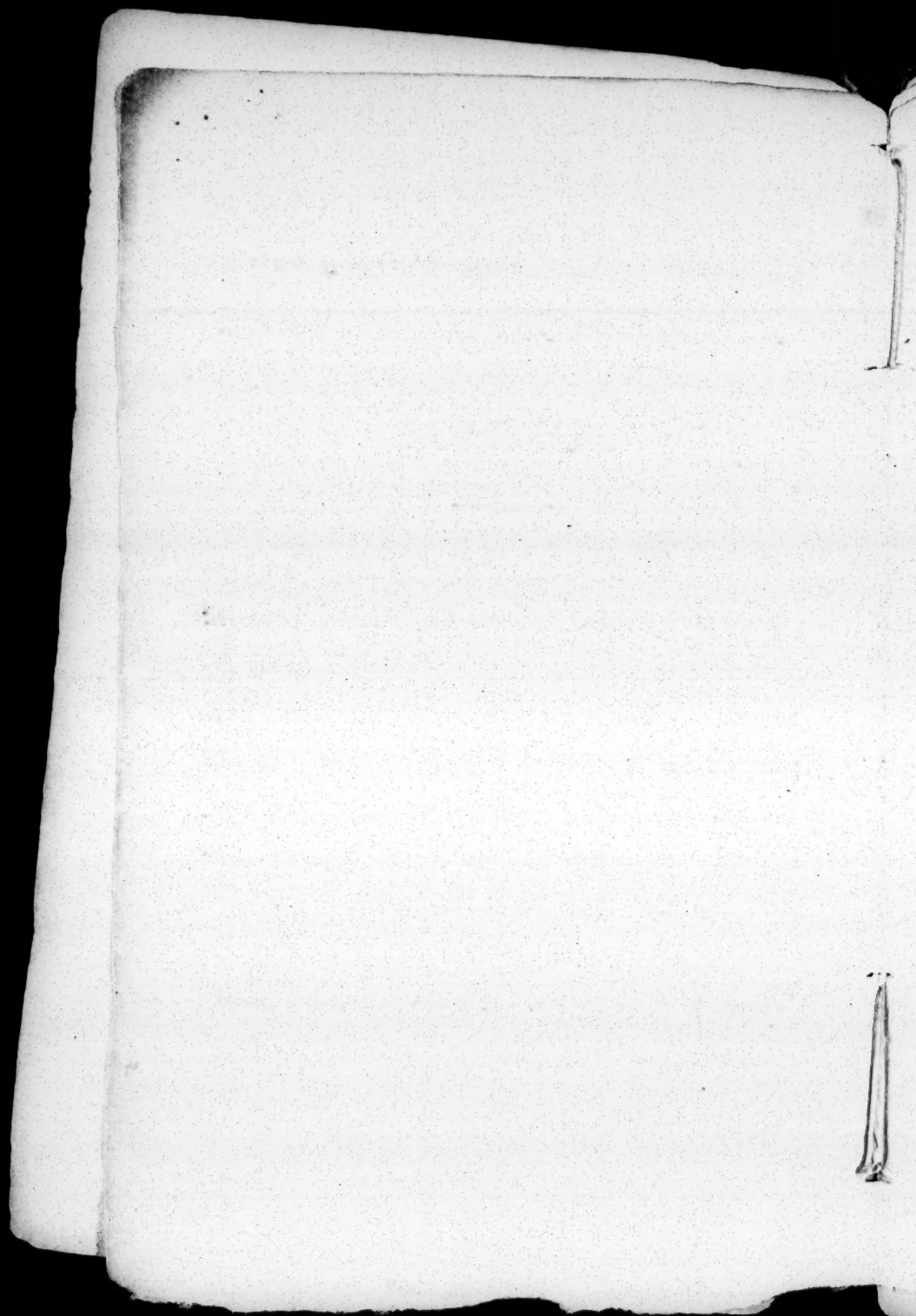
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## ADDRESS.

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*THE former Edition of this Work having met a very rapid Sale, the Editor has endeavoured to make this as much superior as possible, by the Insertion of all the choice MODERN SONGS which have made their Appearance since the Publication of the last Edition. The local ones inserted in this Edition, will, be trusts, be found to do credit to their respective Authors, and charm and delight the Reader.*

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# THE HIVE.

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## FRENCH FRATERNITY.

~~~~~  
*On Admiral Duncan's Victory, Oct. 11. 1797.*  
~~~~~

THE faithless Monsieurs have long labour'd in vain  
Britannia to brave on her own native main;  
Now with treacherous Freedom they bribe and betray,  
And Don and Mynheer, they force forth to the fray;  
    With the hugging so hard of Fraternity pure  
    Of Monsieur and Mynheer, Don, Mynheer, and  
        Monsieur,  
    All leagued to give Britain at once her death-blow;  
    All beat by brave *Duncan*, *St. Vincent* and *Howe*.  
Our gallant triumvirate, Lords of the Deep,  
Dread pointing their thunder, the wide ocean sweep,  
Compelling the foe in his harbours to hide,  
Their treasures exhausted, and humbled their pride.  
    With the hugging so hard, &c.

Now banished by force from our free British isles,  
 They strive to seduce us by Jacobin wiles:  
 Puff'd braggarts of Freedom! O Britons beware!  
 That moment ye flinch ye are crush'd in the snare.

With the hugging so hard, &c.

Give a cheer to brave Duncan, and each true British Tar,  
 With such, all the world we can challenge to war,  
 All traitors defy; if a traitor remain  
 To favour our foes, let him *gasp* in their chain.

With the hugging so hard, &c.

### DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

**I**N a sad mould'ring cave, where the wretched retreat,  
 BRITANNIA sat wasted with care;  
 She mourn'd for her WOLFE, and exclaim'd against fate,  
 And gave herself up to despair.  
 The walls of her cell she had sculptur'd around  
 With the feats of her favourite son;  
 And even the dust, as it lay on the ground,  
 Was engrav'd with some deeds he had done.  
 The sire of the Gods, from his chrystalline throne,  
 Beheld the disconsolate dame,  
 And mov'd with her tears, he sent Mercury down,  
 And these were the tidings that came:  
 BRITANNIA, forbear! not a sigh, nor a tear,  
 For thy WOLFE, so deservedly lov'd;  
 Your tears shall be chang'd into triumphs of joy,  
 For thy WOLFE is not dead, but remov'd.



The sons of the East, the proud Giants of old,  
 Have crept from their darksome abodes ;  
 And this is the news, as in heaven we are told,  
 They were marching to war with the Gods.  
 A Council was held in the chamber of Jove,  
 And this was the final decree—  
 That WOLFE should be call'd to the armies above,  
 And the charge was entrusted to me.  
 To the plains of QUEBEC, with the orders I flew,  
 Where WOLFE with his army then lay ;  
 He cry'd, O, forbear ! let me Victory view,  
 And then thy commands I'll obey.  
 With a darkening film I encompass'd his eyes,  
 And bore him away in an urn,  
 Lest the fondness he bore for his own nativeshore,  
 Should tempt him again to return.

~~~~~  
*A BRITON'S SONG.* *by Burns*

==  
**T**HO' haughty France invasion boasts, yet let the fools beware,  
 sir,  
 We've wooden walls upon our coasts, and volunteers on shore, sir,  
 The Thames shall run to Williamstad t, and Calais come to Dover,  
 Ere we allow a foreign foe in safety to come over.  
 Then let us all determin'd be, to face the greatest dangers,  
 And shew the blust'ring sons of France, that we to fears are  
 strangers.

A man may have an honest heart, tho' poverty may stare him,  
A man may take a neighbour's part, yet have no cash to spare  
him ;

A man may love his country well, tho' neither Lord or Squire,  
And ready to defend its cause, with patriotic fire.

Then let us, &c.

Some men by knaves are led astray, and some are discontented,  
But now our freedom is at stake, we all are well cemented ;  
From France itself we learn the curse of Democratic factions,  
Then let us shew how we detest their infamous transactions.

Then let us, &c.

Let Britons not, like snarling curs, by wrangling be divided,  
'Till slap comes in a foreign foe, and with a blow decide it ;  
Be Britons all to Britain true, among ourselves united,  
And never, but by British hands, let British wrongs be righted.

Then let us, &c.

The *kettle* of the Church and State, perhaps a part may fail in,  
Yet ne'er a foreign Tinker's rap shall ever drive a nail in ;  
Our father's blood the kettle bought, and he who dares to spoil it,  
By Jove the sacriligious dog shall fuel be to boil it.

Then let us, &c.

The wretch who can a tyrant own, and he, tho' e'er so clever  
Who sets a mob above the throne, may they be slaves for ever.  
Who will not sing, *God save the King*, shall hang as high as  
steeple,

When we sing *God save the King*, we'll not forget the people.

Then let us, &c.

THE FEMALE AUCTIONEER.

---

WELL, here I am ; and what of that ?

Methinks I hear you cry ;

Why I am come, and that is patt,

To sell, if you will buy.

A Female Auctioneer I stand,

Yet not to seek for pelf,

Ah ! no, the lot I have in hand

Is now to sell myself.

And I'm going, going, going,

Who bids, who bids, for me ?

Ye batchelors, I look at you,

And pray don't deem me rude,

Nor rate me either scold or shrew,

A flirter or a prude !

My hand and heart I offer fair,

And should you buy the lot,

I swear the breeches ne'er to wear,

Whe Hymen ties the knot.

And I'm going, &c.

Tho' some may deem me pert or so,

Who deal in idle strife,

Pray where's the girl, I wish to know,

Would not become a wife ?

At least I own I really would,

Inspight of all alarms ;

Dear batchelors, now be so good,

Do take me to your arms.

For I'm going, &c.

## SUNG BY MR. HARLEY,

*At the Royalty Theatre, in the Burletta or the Disappointed Rakes.*

---

WHEN I was a lad in the land of Kilkenny,  
 I fell plump in love with young Judy Delaney,  
 She had a neat taper waist like a tub in the middle,  
 And Jonteel she'd dance to a drum or a fiddle.

Musha whack ! for sweet Ireland's the country for whisky,  
 The boys all so neat, and the lasses so frisky :  
 For kissing, or fighting, or handling a flail,  
 The sons of potatoes will never turn tail.

Of the beauties of Judy to sing's my intention;  
 Oh ! your'e dying for love of the charms I won't mention,  
 She'd a pair of black eyes—arrah ! faith I'm no joker,  
 Like two holes in a blanket that's burnt by a poker.

Musha whack ! &c.

Her cheeks, red as bricks, set me all in a bustle,  
 And she'd open her lips as you'd open a muscle ;  
 She'd a neat row of teeth, oh ! she'd two, by my soul,  
 And her tongue lay between, like a toad in a hole.

Musha whack ! &c.

So then Judy Delaney she made me her wife ;  
 And though two, we are one all the days of our life,  
 I have two pretty daughters as brisk as the morn,  
 And what pleases me most, they are both Irishmen born.

Musha whack ! &c.

## SUNG BY MR. PILBROW,

*Royal Circus, in the Character of a Frenchman.*

FROM Paris come, I have bring de news,  
 Vill tickle de heart so sweet, ma foi!  
 Mon maitre beauty fondly views,  
 And vill soon throw himself at her feet, ah, ah!  
 Wid him fa, fa, fa, he de world command,  
 De fille vid ha! ha! ha!

So ve dance, sing, and laugh,  
 Vive la marriage quaff,  
 Et la Fortune de la Guerre.  
 Wid a tin, tin, tin, and a tan, tan, tan, tan,  
 And a tin, tin, tintamarre,  
 Ve dance, sing and laugh,  
 Vive la marriage quaff,  
 Et la Fortune de la Guerre.

Let him have his way and his temper's mild,  
 As good humour ever bred, ma foi!  
 But contradict and vid anger wild,  
 Be gar but he soon frown you dead, ah, ah!  
 Wid him fa fa, fa, he de world command, &c.





*THE LOYAL SAILOR.*

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

---

**A**S honest Ben, the tar, returning  
 From many a toil and hardship past,  
 For England's fame his bosom burning,  
 His wounds will earn'd in service scorning,  
 Beholds with joy his home at last.  
 But woe the day, and sad the hearing,  
 To view his country's glory gone!  
 To see his friends, from honour veering,  
 Rebellion's shameless standard rearing,  
 And find his shipmates they were one.  
 That flag that once in firm affiance  
 England's proud triumphs nobly bore,  
 Dishonoured now claims no alliance,  
 But faithless waves in vile defiance,  
 And dares to threat it's native shore.  
 "If truth," cry'd Ben, "be all a notion,  
 And these the days I've liv'd to use,  
 Why honest shipmates. burn the ocean,,  
 And may this grog, a sailor's portion,  
 Be the last drop to you and me."  
 "And Sall, when Sall and I were parted,"  
 This shameful day with tears shall rue,  
 Tho' midst those tears a blush be started,  
 To think that tars prove traitor-hearted,  
 While landmen turn out good and true"

# LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

BY G. COLMAN, Junr.

---

WHO has ever been in London, that evergrown place,  
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face :  
Some are good, and let dearly ; while some 'tis well known,  
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Derry down.

Will Waddie, whose temper was studious, and lonely,  
Hired lodgings that took Single Gentlemen, only ;  
But Will was so fat, he appeared like a ton ;  
Or like two Single Gentlemen roll'd into One.

Derry down.

He entered his rooms ; and to bed he retreated,  
But all the night long he felt fever'd and heated ;  
And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,  
He was not by any means, heavy to sleep.

Derry down.

Next night 'twas the same ;—and the next ;—and the next ;  
He perspired like an ox, he was nervous and vex'd ;  
Week pass'd after week ; till by weekly succession,  
His weakly condition was past all expression.

Derry down.

In six months, his acquaintance began much to doubt him,  
For his skin, " like a lady's loose gown," hung about him ;  
He sent for a Doctor ; and cried like a ninny,  
I have lost many pounds—make me well there's a Guinea."

Derry down.

The Doctor look'd wise, "a slow fever," he said,  
 Prescribed sudorifics, — and going to bed.  
 "Sudorifics in bed," exclaim'd Will, "are humbugs :"  
 "I've enough of them there without paying for drugs."

Derry down.

Will kick'd out the Doctor,—but when ill indeed,  
 E'en dismissing the Doctor don't *always* succeed ;  
 So calling his host,—he said,—Sir do you know,  
 "I'm the fat Single Gentleman, six months ago ?"

Derry down.

"Look'e landlord, I think," argued Will, with a grin,  
 "That with honest intentions you first *took me in* ;  
 "But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—  
 "I've been so damn'd hot, that I'm sure I caught cold."

Derry down.

Quoth the landlord—"till now, I ne'er had a dispute ;  
 "I've let lodgings ten years ;—I'm a Baker to boot ;  
 "In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no sloven,  
 "And your bed is immediately—over my Oven."

Derry down.

"The Oven !! " says Will—says the host, "why the passion ?  
 "In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.  
 "Why so crusty, good Sir ?" "Zounds ! cried Will in a taking,  
 "Who would not be crusty with half a year's baking ?"

Derry down.

Will paid for his rooms ; cried the host with a sneer,  
 "Well, I see you've been *going away* half a year,"  
 "Friend, we can't well agree—"yet no quarrel"—Will said,  
 "For one man may die where a another makes bread."

Derry down.

## THE YEAR NINETY-SEVEN!

*Or, Jervis and Duncan.*

**T**HY Navy, Old England! has long been thy pride  
 Protected and aided by Heaven;  
 But its triumph ne'er roll'd on Glory's full tide,  
 'Till the glorious year Ninety-seven.  
 Tho' tarnish'd at first by some vile mutineers,  
 In Treason's anarchial array,  
 Britannia sat wretched—her eyes bath'd in tears,  
 And making her laurels decay.

The staunch British Seamen beheld her—and blush'd  
 At a base-minded, traitorous crew,  
 Then each to his duty most manfully rush'd  
 And swore to great George to be true.  
 "Oh! Neptune," they utter'd "we'll not stand aloof,  
 "But wipe off this dastardly stain,  
 "Let honour but beckon—we'll give a found proof,  
 "We're Tars of Old England again."

Then Neptune proclaim'd that bold Jervis should steer,  
 To Vincent's be-sea-girted rock—  
 With force far unequal, brave Jervis should there  
 Give Spain's naval powers a shock.  
 His trident he wav'd—his commands were obey'd,  
 And Spain felt the force of our guns—  
 For Nelson was there—and Britannia soon sway'd  
 Glory's wreath o'er her tar-instructed sons.

The ozier-crown'd Monarch exultingly cried,  
 " Thus bravely, my boys, you begin;  
 " Your valour intrepid again shall be tried,  
 " You still greater laurels may win.  
 " Batavia, whose hardihood all must allow,  
 " Prepares her dread ensigns of fight,  
 " And hopes to tear off from your long envied Prow,  
 " Old Ocean's dread, sovereign right."

To Duncan the glorious charge was assign'd—  
 What conflict tremendous ensued !  
 The Tritons and Nereids with shrieks fill'd the wind,  
 With blood their sedge caves were embrued.  
 Long, dubious and awful stern Victory fate,  
 'Till broke was the Hollander's line,  
 Who saw 'twas in vain to contend against fate—  
 That gave Britons a valour divine.  
 The Dutch stood aghast on their cannon-shook shore,  
 Despair and destruction in sight,  
 Their ships all dismasted—sides streaming with gore,  
 Unable to run as to fight,  
 De Winter and Reynter, the Admirals twain,  
 And nearly the whole of their host,  
 Grac'd the brave British Duncan's invincible train,  
 —So vanish'd their Maritime boast.

## CHORUS.

Now infidel France, with base treacherous Spain,  
 Skulk dastardly into their haven,  
 Whilst we ride triumphant the Lords of the main,  
 And bless the great year Ninety-Seven !



## THE COUNTRY LIFE.

By CAPTAIN MORRIS.

---

*Tune, "a Cobler there was."*

---

IN London I never knew what to be at,  
Enraptur'd with this, and transported with that ;  
I'm wild with the sweets of Variety's plan,  
And life seems a blessing too happy for man !  
But the Country (Lord bless us) sets all matters right,  
So calm and composing from morning to night !  
Oh, it settles the stomach, when nothing in seen  
But an ass on a common—a goose on a green !  
In London how easy we visit and meet !  
Gay pleasure's the theme, and sweet smiles are our treat ;  
Our mornings a round of good-humour delight ;  
And we rattle in comfort and pleasure all night !  
In the Country how pleasant our visits to make  
Thro' ten miles of mud, for formality's sake ;  
With the coachman in drink, and the moon in a fog,  
And no thought in our head—but a ditch or a bog !  
In London, if folks ill together are put,  
A Bore may be roasted, a Quiz may be cut.  
In the Country your friends would feel angry and sore,  
Call an Old Maid a Quiz, or a Parson a Bore.  
In the Country you're nail'd, like a pale in your park,

To some stick of a neighbour cramm'd into the ark ;  
 Or, if you are sick or in fits tumble down,  
 You reach Death ere the Doctor can reach you from  
 Town.

I've heard that how Love in a Cottage is sweet,  
 When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy meet :  
 I know nothing of that ; for alas, I'm a swain  
 Who requires (I own it) more links to my chain !

Your Jays and your Magpies may chatter on trees,  
 And whisper soft nonsense in groves if you please :  
 But a house is much more to my mind than a tree ;  
 And, for Groves, oh, a fine Grove of chimneys for me !

In the evening you're screw'd to your chairs fist to fist,  
 All stupidly yawning at Six-penny whist :  
 And, tho' win or lose, 'tis as true as 'tis strange.  
 You've nothing to pay, the good folks have no change.

But, for sitting and piping your time to engage,  
 You've Cock and Hen Bullfinches coop'd in a cage ;  
 And what music in nature can make you so feel  
 As a Pig in a gate stuck, or Knife-grinder's wheel !

I grant, if in fishing you take much delight,  
 In a punt you may shiver from morning to night ;  
 And, tho' blest with the patience that Job had of old,  
 The devil a thing do you catch—but a cold !

Yet 'tis charming to hear, just from boarding-school come,  
 A tit-up Miss tune on an old family strum :  
 She'll play God save the King with an excellent tone,  
 With the sweet variation of old Bob and Joan !

But, what tho' your appetite's in a weak state,  
 And pound at a time they will push on your plate :  
 'Tis true, as to health you've no cause to complain,  
 For they'll drink it, *God* blefs him, again and again.  
 Then in Town let me live, and in Town let me die ;  
 But, in truth, I can't relish the Country—not I,  
 If I must have a villa in London to dwell,  
 O, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall !

~~~~~

BOUNAPARTE'S  
 THREATENED INVASION.

==

**BRITONS** have you heard their boast ?

Frenchmen will invade your coast,  
 Nay, to rob you quite of rest,  
 From his lofty Alpine nest,  
*Bounaparte himself* shall come,  
 And fright you with his Fe, Fa, Fum.

Wantley's Dragoon crack'd the stones,  
 Lake hazel nuts ; just so your bones  
 This redoubtable Italian,  
 With his Army, all Rabscallion,  
 Swears he'll crack ; when he *can* come,  
 To fight you with his Fe, Fa, Fum.

Like the mighty **HANNIBAL**,  
 Marching on with great and small,  
 He shall sweep away thro' France,

And come to lead you such a dance,  
As soon shall make you cry—he's come  
To eat us up!—Great Fe, Fa, Fum!

Xerxes' army drank a river,  
Tho' but arm'd with bow and quiver;  
What then, with his thundering cannon,  
To Buon'parte would be Thames or Shannon?  
Woe betide us should he come,  
This blust'ring Blue Beard, Fe, Fa, Fum.

From his vengeance, tho' to screen,  
The pathless ocean roll between;  
Tho' its billows vainly roar,  
Broken by our rocky shore;  
Yet *secure*, he swears he'll come,  
To scarce us with his Fe, Fa, Fum.

True that HOWE their naval pride,  
Humbled on the briny tide;  
True that BRIDPORT too *his* dance  
Taught the vapouring Fleet of France,  
Still they vow BUON'PARTE shall come,  
And grind us with his Fe, Fa, Fum.

Say, ye Dons, can naval story,  
Rival brave St. VINCENT's glory?  
Own, ye Dutch, that all your spirit  
Strove in vain with DUNCAN's merit:  
Yet both must crouch, when he shall come,  
This Giant grim, this Fe, Fa, Fum.  
Such the vaunt of Frenchmen vain,

Conquer'd on the boundless main :  
Such the projects they are brewing,  
Raking with their country's ruin ;  
But, Assassins ! let him come,  
Your Corsican, your Fe, Fa, Fum!



SUNG BY MR. HELME,

*At the Royal Circus, in the Pantomime of Niobe, in the character*  
OF AN IRISH PAINTER.

==  
YOU may talk about mimics who take people off,  
With their double tongu'd brogue and grimaces :  
They take but the voice, and that's little enough,  
But I take off necks, heads, and faces.  
Then I give the sweet creatures  
Such beautiful features,  
Beholders they're certain to strike ;  
The resemblance so neat  
Is, from toe to the pate,  
By my soul ! that you'll ne'er see the like.  
In a row the lads call me the first at a push,  
And all the girls say I'm a dab at a brush.

The pretty maid,  
The witty maid,  
The napping maid,  
The strapping maid,



The thinking maid,  
The drinking maid,  
The bold maid,  
And the old maid,  
The so so maid,  
And the no maid,

I make all look so handsome, so charming my trade is,  
And neatly I tickle the taste of the ladies.

Their teeth are flake white, and carnation each cheek ;

Their lips view, you'd think on bob-cherry,

Their tongues too, tho' silent, look ready to speak,

And their eye lashes black as a berry.

With dimples I make 'em

So roguish, plague take 'em !

The devil's own self they'd beguile ;

They so lovingly leer,

That your bosoms they'd cheer,

And faith frown you dead with a smile.

Like diamonds so sweetly then sparkle each eye,

The dark world with moonlight they'd sweetly supply :

The sleeping eye,

The weeping eye,

The strolling eye,

The rolling eye,

The hinting eye,

The squinting eye,

The dun eye,

And the one eye,

The so so eye,

And the no eye,  
So handsome I make 'em, so charming my trade is.  
I'm the lad just to tickle the taste of the ladies.

~~~~~  
HERE'S THE PRETTY GIRL I LOVE.

*Sung by Mr. Denham.*

==  
**J**ACK Oakum was a gallant tar,  
And doated on the lovely Poll ;  
Whose charms were like the morning star  
And radiant as the beams of Sol :  
To live, and for each other true,  
They swore by every faint above ;  
And Jack, wherever failing to,  
Gave—here's the pretty girl I love.  
It happen'd once they made a port,  
Where beauty held it's magic reign ;  
And each bold tar, in am'rous sport,  
Forgot the perils of the main :  
Round went the glafs and just, at whim,  
The song and toast at ev'ry move ;  
But Jack, whene'er they call'd on him,  
Gave—here's the pretty girl I love.  
Thus faithful Jack, in ev'ry clime,  
True to his Poll, dwell on her charms ;  
And soon arriv'd the happy time,

When each were lock'd in t'others arms ;  
Safe now they made the nuptial coast,  
And Jack once more his worth to prove,  
When ask'd by friendship for his toast,  
Gave—here's the pretty girl I love.

---

### THE COTTAGE BOY.

*Sung by Mrs. Herbert in the Pantomime of Niobe, at the*  
ROYAL CIRCUS.

---

MY Mam is no more, and my Dad in his grave,  
Little orphans are sisters and I sadly poor ;  
Industry our wealth, and no dwelling we have,  
But yon neat little cottage that stands on the moor.  
The lark's early song does to labour invite,  
Contented we just keep the wolf from the door ;  
And, Phæbus retiring, trip home with delight  
To our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.  
Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens the cheer,  
Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore ;  
And heart ease and health make a palace appear  
Of our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

---

SUNG BY MR. HELME.

ROYAL CIRCUS.

---

OF horses and hounds, who scud swift o'er the plain,

Praise has oft wing'd it's notes to the sky;  
 While echoing horns have repeated the strain,  
 And join'd in the huntsman's full cry;  
 My voice I'll attune then, the chase grace my song,  
 For nought can compare to it's joys:  
 O'er mountains thro' valleys, we spank it along,  
 With tantivy, tantivy, hark forward my boys!  
 'Tis exercise ever gives health it's warm glow,  
 And yields to refreshment a zest:  
 How sweetly to friendship the bottle will flow,  
 When, return'd, plenty welcome each guest!  
 My voice, &c.

Our hounds truly train'd are of excellent breed,  
 (Brother sportsmen, I'm yours while I've breath);  
 Our horses are ne'er to be equall'd in speed,  
 And we always are in at the death.  
 My voice, &c.

From the shades could old Nimrod, that hunter of old,  
 Be permitted to view our domain,  
 Our horses, our hounds, and our huntsmen so bold,  
 He'd wish to pass life o'er again.  
 My voice, &c.

~~~~~

## LUCY OF THE VALE.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

I'VE search'd each cottage far and near,  
 Thro' town and village been,

And many maidens blooming fair,  
 I in my search have seen ;  
 But none so lovely could I find,  
 In village, town or dale,  
 So gentle, charming and so kind,  
 As Lucy of the Vale.

Beneath an aged elm tree's shade,  
 Beside a lonely wood ;  
 In thatched-roof cot I found this maid,  
 So beautiful and good ;  
 She sweetly blush'd with virgin shame,  
 When first I told my tale :  
 While ev'ry sigh increas'd my flame,  
 For Lucy of the Vale.

Her cheeks out-vie the blushing rose,  
 Her eyes all mild to view ;  
 Her mind which like the lilly blows,  
 Is pure as morning dew :  
 Not all the gayest flowers that are,  
 In garden, mead, or dale ;  
 Can with this beauteous maid compare,  
 Sweet Lucy of the Vale.

~~~~~  
*IN A VALE FAR REMOV'D.*

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

==  
**I**N a vale far remoy'd from the noise of the town,



In a hamlet which smiling content call'd her own,  
 There lives a fair maid, more blooming and gay,  
 Then roses in June, or the blossoms in May :  
 She was lov'd by the shepherds, ador'd by the 'squire,  
 Who teaz'd her, and vex'd her with love and desire ;  
 Tho' they follow'd and woo'd her wherever she'd go,  
 Her answer was always, no, no, no, no, no.

'Tis with extacy still I remember the day,  
 When I saw this dear maiden crown'd queen of the May ;  
 Her eyes like the sloe, her cheeks like the rose,  
 With smiles that from innocent pleasure arose :  
 While the shepherds hail'd Anna as the queen of the May,  
 She listen'd to me and approv'd my fond lay ;  
 When I ventur'd to beg to the dance she would go,  
 She never once answered me, no, no, no, no, no.

Far distant I came, yet no farther I'll roam,  
 The dwelling of love and fair Anna's my home ;  
 No vale is so fragrant, no maiden so fair,  
 No lad is so happy such blessings to share :  
 And when she's my bride then how great my delight,  
 We'll join in the dance, in the song we'll unite ;  
 In the morn with my fair-one to church I will go,  
 Nor fear that she'll answer me, no, no, no, no, no.

~~~~~  
 THE MATCH BOY,

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

=====

**Y**E wealthy and proud, while in splendor ye roll,

Behold a poor orphan, pale, hungry and wan ;  
And learn tho' now doom'd to misfortune's controul,  
He springs, like yourself, from the fountain of man ;  
So scanty the fruit of his humble employ,

Dejected he roams in a sad ragged plight ;  
Then, Oh ! give a mite to the poor little boy,  
Who cries, 'buy my matches, 'from morning till night.

Remember, tho' luxury clogs you by day,  
And pampers you mightly on pillows of down ;  
Adversity soon may plant thorns in your way,

Obscuring your pleasures with poverty's frown :  
While apathy's flint, and cold steel, you employ,  
The tinder of feeling you never can light ;

Nor e'er give a mite to the poor little boy,  
Who cries, 'buy my matches, 'from morning till night.

And you, ye proud fair, of this ocean-girt land,  
With beauty external so gifted by fate,  
Whose smile can enrapture, whose power can command !

Prove also your mental endowments are great :  
The crumbs of your table, which lap-dogs destroy,  
Might comfort our orphan and yield him delight ;  
Then, Oh ! give a mite to the poor little boy,  
Who cries, 'buy my matches, 'from morning till night.



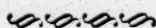
## THE FASHIONABLE HUSBAND.

*Sung by Mrs. Mountain.*

**I**F love, as we're told, is a source of sweet passion,  
 What bliss must await me, now wedded for life;  
 My husband a man too, of fortune and fashion,  
 And I happy creature, a gentleman's wife!  
 Now some men, 'tis said, in their love are so jealous,  
 A woman must never be out of their sight;  
 But my lord and master is not half so zealous,  
 And leaves me at liberty morning and night.  
 Six weeks and five days we've already been married.  
 And tho' silly things run in some people's heads,  
 'Tis an age, he declares, that is not to be parry'd,  
 And so we've agreed upon separate beds.  
 Nay, more for the freedom of both one and to'ther,  
 We've laid down a plan which we're sworn to pursue,  
 Should we meet, when from home, ne'er to speak to each other,  
 Unless it is, "Madam," or, "Sir, how d'ye do?"  
 Now since I first told you that "Love's a sweet passion,"  
 Our love must not common or vulgar appear,  
 But, truly refin'd, must be guided by fashion,  
 Nor our lips ever utter a word like—"My Dear."  
 And lest we by chance should embrace such a folly,  
 (For error's a thing may the wisest befall,  
 Since wedlock, he says, is at best melancholy,  
 We've agreed ne'er to speak to each other at all!

## THE SPIRITED FARMER.

*Sung by Mrs. Herbert in the Pantomime of Niobe, at the*  
**ROYAL CIRCUS.**



**AS** pleasant a lad as e'er dwelt near our village,  
Thof 'mong purse-proud gentlefolk queerish and shy,  
A bit of a dabster at farming and tillage,  
Good-humour'd and harmless accounted am I :  
But when I'm put up, 'cod ! no lad in the nation  
Finds good-humour'd work to so woundy a passion ;  
From quarter-staff, fisty cuffs, cut and thrust, poppers,  
Let those who dare wrong me stand clear if they can ;  
Or slugs in a saw-pit, I'll bet any coppers,  
Od-rabbit and dang it ! they'll find me a man !  
Thof some wretch has the heart of poor sister been stealing,  
And laughs at our sorrows because we be poor,  
Does he think as how poverty stifles one's feeling ?  
Contempt and disgrace ever lie at his door !  
Od-rabbit ! the wealthiest chap in the nation,  
Who wrongs me, shall feel the effects of my passion ;  
From &c.



*A favorite Scots Song revived.*

WHAT CAN A LASSY DO.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

YOUNG Jemmy's ganging after me

The live long day and night,  
And always kissing too is he,

When father's out of sight :  
But dinna, lad, be teasing so,  
For this I'll tell you true,

If thou art ever pleasing so,  
What can a lassy do ?

He shanna mare be pressing me,  
(It's muckle truth I vow)

Nor shall he be caressing me,  
As sure he did just now :  
And so I'll tell him when we meet,

I winna hear his loo ;  
For when a laddy is so sweet,  
What can a lassy do.

I wonder where the youth can be,  
O whither can he stray ?

But that is nothing sure to me,



So let him keep away ;  
 For should he tell his wily tale,  
 And want to buckle too,  
 I really think he would prevail :  
 What can a lassy do ?



SUNG BY MR. BAYNES, IN THE BURLETTA OF

*In Love, in Debt, and in Liquor.*



**J**UST arrived plump and hearty from Zomerzetshire,  
 At politeness and compliments, I have the knack,  
 To the very best company when I *expire*,  
 I douges 'em first the best bow to my back.  
     My leg then I make,  
     Out my spying-glass take,  
 Check by jowl from the top to the toe has a view ;  
     Pick my teeth, loil and swagger,  
     Stare, hiccup and stagger,  
 And politely says, Dam'me, Ma'am, how do you do ?  
 I wur turning the corner but just t'other day,  
 And runn'd 'gainst a gemman that in my way stood,  
 So politely I bow'd in a good-breeding way,  
 When falling he wur, and when plump in the mud ;  
     I beg pardon, says I ;  
     And I there let him lie ;  
 The ways of politeness you know an't a few !  
     There's the Alderman's waddle,

Old Beau's shaking noddle,  
And the impudent, Dam'me! Ma'am, how do you do?  
There's the drunkard's how goes it? the sailors what cheer?  
And Mounseers Bon jour, all polite in their way;  
The prim Lady's smirk, and the fond Lady's leer,  
And how dost thee do, friend, from old yea and nay!  
But my leg neat I make, &c.

~~~~~  
THE FEMALE MONITOR.  
~~~~~

*Sung by Mrs. Mountain,*

=====

WHAT can woman poor thing, do,  
When a man deceives her,  
If she shuns him he'll pursue,  
If she's kind he leaves her.  
Maidens, trust not when they swear;  
Vows can never bind them;  
But with pride and scornful air  
Treat them, where you find them.  
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, la.  
Tho' you see them at your feet,  
Smile at oaths and sighing,  
Tell them these were form'd to cheat  
Those on them relying.

Treat them, fair ones, with disdain,

'Tis our sexe's charter,

E'er to frown when men refrain

Heart for heart to barter.

With a fal, la, la, &c.

But should honour form the creed,

And you can discover

Manly sense with noble deed,

Diff'rent treat a lover;

Then his love with love repay,

Scorn to give him sorrow,

Tell him all your mind to day,

And marry him to-morrow.

With a fal, la, la, &c.

---

## THE CHRONOLOGY OF FASHION.

*By Mr. Dighton.*

---

WHEN Eve and Adam first did wed,  
 On dress they threw no thought away,  
 No fashions, like our great folks, led,  
 No silks nor satins bought away;  
 Of petticoat, coat, hat, or wig,  
 They never saw a particle,  
 They wore a leaf, nor car'd a fig,  
 For any other article.

But fashion beat up recruits,

New modes in haste came stalking in,  
For Nimrod wore a pair of boots,

Though not like ours for walking in :  
When Charles the Second bore the sway,

They were a set of merry grigs,  
Twas then the ton to dash away  
In Square-toed pumps and perriwigs.

Queen Bess no tippet wore, nor muff,  
So fond of plaits and quillery,  
With pasteboard-looking threefold ruff

Twas vastly like a pillory ;  
The ladies too of ancient fame,  
With waist so taper, long, and small,  
Not like our modern tasty dames,  
For now they wear no waist at all.

Yet fashion guides the hand of art,  
Gives commerce circulation too,  
To poverty can wealth impart,  
And spur to emulation too :  
So may our high-born beauteous fair,  
In whatever mode they dress them all,  
Great Britain's produce ever wear,  
And then the poor will bless them all.



## THE FASHIONABLE WIFE.



SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.



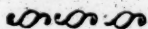
SWEET woman, I love you as dear as my life,  
 Tho' now it's ten years since I first took a wife;  
 Yet still I'm a lover, and prize all the sex,  
 Tho' wife, I must own, now and then will me vex:  
 For true it is pity, and pity it's true,  
 At Faro she plays and unlimited Leo;  
 And if I say, "Lovey! Don't do so, I pray,"  
 She answers, "My dear, O I will have my way."  
 Tho' hundreds each night she will frequently lose,  
 I must not, I dare not, that curs'd Pam abuse;  
 And then the dear creature, It needs must be said,  
 Sits up all the night, and lies all day in bed!  
 But why need I grumble at that she will cry,  
 "Don't you please yourself, Sir, and why may not I?"  
 Then tho' all the kind things to turn her I say,  
 She answers, "My dear, O I will have my way!"  
 O Venus! thou goddess of love, hear my vows,  
 And soften the heart of a gambling spouse!  
 Let prudence direct her to alter her life,  
 And fill all the duties of mother and wife:  
 Let truth and affection, in each other place'd,  
 Be as long as our lives, and not short as her waist;



And then all her wishes I'll strive to obey,  
 Tho' she answers, "My dear, O I will have my way."



SONG,  
 ON ADMIRAL DUNCAN'S VICTORY.



LAY by the compass, scale, and log,  
 Hand quick the sails, serve out the grog,  
 Our noble tars with glee,  
 (Now thundering cannons cease to roar,  
 Britannia cheering from her shore,  
 Drink—Britons will be free !  
 Not Agincourt or Cressy's field  
 Did greater honors Briton yield,  
 Than has the Northern Sea ;  
 There Duncan prov'd beyond a doubt,  
 When he with Winter had the bout,  
 That Britons will be free !  
 Let France, with democratic art,  
 Oblige weak Spain to take her part,  
 And Holland—yet the three  
 Shall find, that British hearts and swords  
 United, still maintain these words—  
 That Britons will be free.  
 In Jervis, Duncan, Howe, behold,  
 With thousands more of British mould,  
 Heroes ! the world agree,

By Nature form'd to check the tide  
Of revolutionary pride,

And keep Old England free !

Then fill the can, and pass the toast,  
'Tis George ! our glory and our boast !  
Whose reign for ever be

Bless'd with all happiness and power ;  
And may we never know that hour  
When Britons are not free !

---

## THE PLEASURES OF WEDLOCK.

---

**T**HE man who for life is plagu'd with a wife  
Is sure in a wretched condition,  
Be times how they will, she sticks by him still,  
And death is the only physician.  
And death is the only physician.

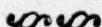
To trifle and toy, may give a man joy,  
When passion is prompted by beauty ;  
But where is the bliss of of a conjugal kiss,  
When passion is prompted by duty.  
Poor man.

The dog when possess'd of mutton the best,  
A bone he can have at his pleasure ;  
But when to his tail 'tis ty'd without fail,  
He's harrass'd and plagu'd beyond measure  
Poor cur.

MILK MAID.

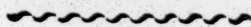
*Written and Sung by Mr. Harley,*

ROYALTY THEATRE.



AT dawn of day, when other folks  
In slumbers drown their senses,  
We milkmen sing, we crack our jokes,  
Scule styles and all such fences.  
But when from milking home we're bound,  
(A sight more pleasing than a shew)  
The rosy lasses greet the sound.  
Of—Milk, my pretty maids, below !  
It's milkman here, and milkman there,  
Lord, how the lasses teize ye !  
I'm coming, love, how much my fair ?  
Cries I !—there now be easy.  
So what with toying now and then  
And kissing too as on I go,  
I scarce have time, like other men,  
To cry—Milk, my pretty maids, below.  
Though twice a day I pay my court  
To all that come to meet me,  
I please 'em all, and that's your sort ;  
There is no one here can beat me.  
My walk I never will resign ;  
A better one I do not know ;

Of all the trades let this be mine,  
Of—Milk, my pretty maids, below !



ECCHO.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*



I LOST my love, and I sought my love,  
O'er hill, and dale, and valley ;  
I call'd her long, both loud and strong,  
'Till nought was heard but Sally !  
(ECCHO) Sally !

I thought it strange, but still did range,  
When, ah ! if you'll believe me ;  
Too true I found the foolish sound  
That mock'd and did deceive me,  
Was eccho, prattling eccho :

(ECCHO) eccho !

Ha ! ha !—ha ! ha !—

There, again, 'tis eccho,

'Tis eccho, prattling eccho.

I sought my fair, both here and there,  
And still her name kept calling ;  
But sure the more to grieve me sore,  
Why, eccho would be bawling.

(ECCHO) Bawling !

But when I thought the nymph I'd caught,  
To keep alive my terror,

I found the noise that damp'd my joys,  
 And kept me still in error,  
 Was eccho, prattling eccho. &c.

Ah! where, said I, where can she fly,  
 Return, my love, my Sally;  
 But eccho still, with right good will,  
 My grief did only rally:

(Eccho) Rally.

At length the maid my care repaid,  
 For to my heart I press'd her;  
 And now in turn, with unconcern,  
 We both deride the jester;  
 And laugh ha! ha! at eccho, &c.

---

## THE CONFESSION.

---

WITH Sorrow, and Repentance true,  
 Father, I trembling come to you;  
 I know I've too indulgent been  
 To one hut oh forgive the Sin,  
 To one whom still I love, tho' he  
 Ungrateful proves, an false to me:  
 Then let me, on my knees, confess,  
 How I've been tempted to transgress.



Ah, Rev'rend Father, if you knew  
 The charms of him, alas ! untrue ;  
 O had you heard the false One swear  
 I was the fairest of the fair,  
 You could not, holy Sir, refuse  
 So slight a weakness to excuse ;  
 He swore he'd never love me less,  
 Ah, let me, then, my fault confess.

To grief, eternal grief, a Prey,  
 His name is all my heart can say :  
 When bath'd in sad repentant tears,  
 Still to my mind his name appears ;  
 Yes 'tis that name that name alone,  
 Which bends me now before thy throne :

ALEXANDER—but I can't express,  
 Oh ! Father, must I then confess ?

Ah ! tell him, should he come to you,  
 Should he, like me, for mercy sue ;  
 Of all the crimes By Heav'n accurst,  
 Tell him Inconstancy's the worst :  
 Tell him that he who's false in Love,  
 Can ne'er hope pity from above ;  
 Tell him that I alone can bless,  
 And send him to me, to confess.

~~~~~

CONSTANT KATE.

==

OUR Crew the pond'rous Anchor hove,  
 The swelling Canvas caught the Breeze ;  
 And many a Sailor left his love,  
 And murmur'd curses on the Seas.  
 Hopeless, and heedless of my Fate,  
 Nor glad, nor griev'd I view'd the main :  
 Nor heav'd one sigh, nor cast t'wards shore  
 One ling'ring look as off we wore ;  
 Tho' all before me seem'd forlorn,  
 Behind I'd nothing left to mourn !  
 Kate once made Fortune frown in vain,  
 But Death has stol'n my constant Kate.  
 When on the midnight Watch I stood,  
 The thought of her the Hour beguil'd ;  
 Then o'er my Sorrows would I brood,  
 And grieve that Fortune ever smil'd :  
 And when the Tempest, big with fate,  
 With horror fill'd the crouded Deck ;  
 In silence, careless, undismay'd  
 The Boatswain's Summons I obey'd,  
 Tho' all before me seem'd forlorn,  
 Behind I'd nothing left to mourn ;

Kate once made fortune frown in vain,  
 But Death had stolen my constant Kate.  
 But when the furious fight began,  
 And Honour call'd me to my Post;  
 The Patriot govern'd all the Man,  
 And Kate no more my thoughts engross'd :  
 But when with Victory elate,  
 All push'd the Can, and troll'd the Glee;  
 Again would Kate my mind employ,  
 I could not join the general Joy,  
 For all before me seem'd forlorn,  
 Behind I'd nothing left to mourn ;  
 No more has Pleasure charms for me,  
 Since Death has stolen my constant Kate.

---

## ON THE THREATENED INVASION.

*Tune—The Roast Beef of Old England.*

---

**T**O the shores of Old England the Tyrants of France  
 Proclaim to the world how they mean to advance,  
 No doubt they'll succeed, when we're all in a trance !  
Oh the roast beef &c.

The great Buonaparte, commander in chief,  
 Is to shake off our fetters, and bring us relief;

No, faith, 'tis to plunder, and eat all our beef,  
 Should Duncan, or Jervis, Lord Bridport, or Howe,  
 But once get a glance at this mighty bow-wow,  
 They soon would dismay them, and kick up a row.  
 Let Britons be firm, and join heart and hand  
 To repel the attempts of an insolent band,  
 Who wish the subversion of this happy land.  
 Let each share the burthen, and each take a part,  
 Let the love of our country be next to our heart,  
 And a fig we may say for Monsieur Buonaparte.  
 Tho' Frenchmen may boast to our island they'll flee,  
 I think it must plain unto all men appear,  
 Their rafts and Bravadoes we need never fear.

### A WORD TO THE FAIR.

---

**AH!**—why did Chloe smile  
 Her Strephon to deceive;  
**A** youth devoid of guile,  
 Taught only to believe;  
**Why** shone her eyes so bright,  
 Why was her form so fair,  
**To** kindle love's delight,  
 Yet leave me in despair?  
**In** fond and early years,

Ere manhood me had grac'd ;  
 My joy—my hopes and fears—  
 Were on my Chloe plac'd  
 And as increas'd my days  
 I thought the Nymph divine ;  
 I artless sung her praise—  
 And proudly wish'd her mine !  
 What's beauty but a flower  
 That soon will fade and die ;  
 The hand of time devour  
 What now's esteem'd so high :—  
 Then learn, ye lovely fair,  
 Bright virtue's gem to prize,  
 For sweet its beauties are,  
 And bloom beyond the skies.

~~~~~

OLD AGNES.

~~~~~

**M**Y true hearted fellows, who smoke with such glee,  
 To beg your attention for once I'll make free,  
 And sing of our pipes, whilst thus merry and snug,  
 We soften our cares as we lighten our jug—  
 This jug, which from Toby, its origin boasts ;  
 Old Toby, whose mem'ry enlivens the toast.  
 Toby's fame, like his size, spread so great by his ale,  
 That for Agnes no room could be found in the tale ;



Honest Agnes, the social support of his life,  
 Both for quaffing and size was well pair'd as his wife ;  
 Therefore singing her praise, we with joy will regale,  
 Whilst our pipes and our jug give a zest to our ale.

The potter who shrewdly found Toby's remains,  
 Thought a visit again there might answer his pains,  
 Where, in brief, he found Agnes, whose death, as her life,  
 Made her qualify'd duly to lie as his wife :  
 Her fair fame all the village incessantly quote,  
 Whose Vicar the following Epitaph wrote :

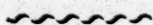
EPITAPH.

" Agnes Philpot, the wife of old Toby, renown'd,  
 " Who liv'd whilst on earth, now lies dead in the ground ;  
 " The care of her grieving for Toby to bilk,  
 " She soften'd her sorrows with brandy and milk :  
 " Swoln with filky she thriv'd till her skin gave a crack,  
 " When Death, popping in, laid her here on her back."

At these lines our good potter a happy thought started,  
 That Toby and Agnes should never be parted ;  
 So he took of her clay, which was white as her milk,  
 And temper'd with brandy, till softer than silk ;  
 Then forming these pipes, he advis'd, sly and snug,  
 That we kiss her fair clay, and shake hands with his jug.



## ROBIN ADAIR.



YOU'RE welcome to Paxton, Robin Adair.  
 How does Jonny Mackrill do,  
 Ave and Luke Gardner too,  
 Why did they no come with you, Robin Adair.  
 Come and sit down by me, Robin Adair.  
 And welcome you shall be,  
 To every thing that you see,  
 Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair.  
 I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair,  
 I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair,  
 Rum Punch aye or Brandy too,  
 By my soul I'll get drunk with you,  
 Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair.  
 Then let us drink about, Robin Adair,  
 Then let us drink about, Robin Adair,  
 'Til we've drank a hogshead out,  
 Then will be fow nae doubt,  
 Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair.



## THE ROSE HAD BEEN WASH'D.

**T**HE rose had been wash'd lately wash'd in a show'r,  
 Which Mary to Anna convey'd ;  
 The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,  
 And weigh'd down its beautiful head.  
 The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,  
 And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,  
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret,  
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.  
 I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was,  
 For a nosegay, so drooping and drown'd,  
 And wringing it rudely, too rudely, alas !  
 It snapt, and it fell to the ground.  
 Ah ! such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part  
 Some act by the delicate mind,  
 Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,  
 Already to sorrow resign'd.  
 This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,  
 Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile,  
 And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,  
 May be follow'd, perhaps, by a smile.

THE VOLUNTEER,

OR

WAR AND PEACE.

---

" COME rouse, ye Britons, now to arms,

    " And brave the tented field ;

" See Glory, with her laurel'd charms,

    " Point to the spear and shield—

" For know the bold insidious foe,

    " Whose deeds shall Fame disown,

" Against your country aims the blow,

    " And a lov'd Monarch's throne."

So spake Britannia, as she stood

    On Albion's tow'ring rock,

And view'd across the trembling flood

    Their sails each danger mock ;

But Howe—he met them on the waves,

    They shun the fight in vain ;

He prov'd to Gallia's faction'd slaves,

    That Britons rule the main !

And see throughout our envy'd land

    A numerous martial host :

A gen'rous, loyal, patriot band

    Unite to guard the coast :

Approving Heaven such deeds enroll,  
 Such valiant efforts crown,  
 While fame shall spread from pole to pole  
 A Volunteer's renown.

Then may each heart be firm and true,  
 No bastard Britons here ;  
 We'll toast the army—navy too—  
 And liberty so dear—  
 And soon may peace, with all her train,  
 Again illumine our shore,  
 And plenty deck the rural plain,  
 And war be heard no more !



## SAY LOVELY HARRIET CHARMER SAY.

**S**AY Harriet lovely Charmer say,  
 When will thou deign to bless,  
 The man on whom thy smiles bestow  
 The greatest happiness.  
 Then wou'd I cull the sweetest Flow'rs,  
 To deck my fair one's breast ;  
 And happy then wou'd pass my hour's,  
 Of Harriet possess.  
 Long have those Eyes enslav'd my Heart,  
 Those Eyes with Charms divine :  
 And long that constant Heart has wish'd



To join itself to thine.  
 Each day more dear as time pass'd on,  
 Unnumber'd Joys we'd prove ;  
 Then wou'd my charming Harriet know,  
 That I deserv'd her love.

---

### THE LIQUOR OF LIFE.

---

TO banish life's troubles, the Grecian old Sage  
 Prest the fruit of the vintage oft into the bowl;  
 Which made him forget all the cares of old age,  
 It bloom'd in his face and made happy his soul :  
     While here we are found  
     Put the bumpers around,  
 'Tis the liquor of life that each care can controul.

This jovial philosopher taught that the sun  
 Was thirsty, and often drank deep of the main ;  
 That the planets would tipple away as they run,  
 The earth wanted moisture and soak'd up the rain :  
     While here we are found,  
     Put the bumpers around,  
 'Tis the liquor of life, and why should we refrain?

Its virtues are known both in war and in love,  
 The hero and lover alike it makes bold ;

Vexation in life's busy scene 'twill remove,  
Delightful alike to the young and the old :  
While here we are found,  
Put the bumpers around,  
That every ill may by wine be controul'd.

~~~~~

THE GIPSY.

~~~~~

COME, cross my hand ! my art surpasses  
All that did ever mortal know :  
Come, Maidens, come ' my magic glasses  
Your future husband's form can show.  
For 'tis to me the power is given,  
Unclos'd the book of fate to see ;  
To read the fix'd resolves of heaven,  
And dive into futurity.  
I guide the pale moon's silver waggon ;  
The winds in magic bonds I hold ;  
I charm to sleep the crimson dragon,  
Who loves to watch o'er buried gold.  
Fenc'd round with spells, unhurt I venture,  
Their sabbath strange where witches keep ;  
Fearless the Sorcerer's circle enter,  
And woundless tread on snakes asleep.

Lo! here are charms of mighty power !  
This makes secure an husband's troth ;  
And this, compos'd at midnight hour,  
Will force to love the coldest youth.  
If any maid too much has granted,  
Her loss this philtre will repair ;  
This blooms a cheek where red is wanted.  
And this will make a brown girl fair.  
Then silent hear while I discover  
What I in fortune's mirror view ;  
And each, when many a year is over,  
Shall own the Gipsy's saying true.



## THE WATRY GOD.



THE Watry God, Great Neptune, lay  
In dalliance soft, and amorous play,  
On Amphytrite's breast ;  
When Uproar rear'd her horrid head,  
The Tritons shrunk, the Neriads fled,  
And all their fears confest.  
Loud Thunder shook the vast domain,  
The liquid world was wrapt in flame,  
The God amazed spoke,

Ye winds, go forth, and make it known,  
Who dares to shake my coral throne'

And fill my realms with smoak.

The winds, obsequious to his nod,  
Spring strongly up t'obey their God,

And saw two fleets away,

The one, Victorious Hawke, was thine,

The other Conflan's wretched line,

In terror and dismay.

Then down descend, and tell their chief,

That France was ruin'd past relief,

And Hawke triumphant rode ;

Hawke ! cries the chief, pray who is he,

That dares usurp my power at sea,

And thus insult a God ?

The winds reply—"in distant lands

" There lives a King, who Hawke commands,

" Who scorns all foreign force.

" And when his floating castles roll,

" From sea to sea, from pole to pole,

" Great Hawke directs their course.

" Or when his winged bullets fly,

" To punish fraud or perfidy,

Or scourge a guilty land—

" Then gallant Hawke, serenely great,

" Tho' death and horror round him wait,

" Performs the dread command."

Neptune with wonder heard the story,  
Of George's sway, and Britain's glory,  
Which time shall ne'er subdue :  
Boscawen's deeds, and Saunder's fame,  
Join'd with brave Wolfe's immortal name,  
Cry'd out—"Can this be true?"  
"A King!—he needs must be a God,  
"Who has such heroes at his nod,  
"To govern earth and sea:"  
"I yield my trident, and my crown,  
"As tribute due to such renown,  
"Great George shall rule for me!

---

THE BLACKBIRD.

---

"T WAS on a bank of daisies sweet,  
A lovely maiden sigh'd ;  
The little lambs play'd at her feet,  
While she in sorrow cry'd—  
"Where is my love ; where can he stray!"  
When thus a Blackbird sung—  
'Sweet, sweet, sweet! he will not stay,'  
The air with music rung.  
"Ah, mock me not, bold bird, (she said ;)  
"And why, pray, tarry here?—



"Dost thou bemoan some youngling fled ;  
"Or, hast thou lost thy dear ?  
"Dost thou lament his absence ?—Say !"  
Again the black-bird sung—  
'Sweet, sweet, sweet ! he will not stay ;'  
The air with music rung.  
"Sing on, (she cry'd) thou charming bird,  
"Those dulcet strains repeat !  
"No music e'er like thine was heard  
"So truly sweet, sweet, sweet !  
"Oh, that my love were here to-day !"  
Once more the blackbird sung—  
'Sweet, sweet, sweet ! he comes this way ;'  
The air with music rung.



### SONG.



WHEN, on a clear and cloudless night,  
The moon shall pour her level light,  
And tremble on the silver sea ;  
I then shall watch her cheering rays,  
And, sighing, ask if thou dost gaze  
On her bright orb—and think of me.  
When, raving fierce through ev'ry shroud,

The wild careering wind is loud,  
 And on the mid-watch I shall be,  
 My heart will ask as tempests rise—  
 If thou dost hear, and gentle sighs  
     Heave thy soft heart, while pitying me ?  
 If destin'd in the bloody fight  
 To close these eyes in endless night,  
     That now so fondly gaze on thee;  
 E'en then, as life shall ebb away,  
 My latest ling'ring breath shall say--  
     My only love, remember me !"

~~~~~

THE SAILOR'S ADIEU!

==

**F**AREWELL to Old England, thy white cliffs adieu !  
 Can the gale be auspicious that bears me from you ?  
 Tho' oceans divide me as wide as the pole,  
 No distance can change the true love of my soul ;  
 As well might my messmates determine to bale  
 All the waters that fill up old Neptune's great pail,  
 As direct my firm mind from its fond thought of you,  
 Farewell to Old England, dear Mary, adieu !  
 Dear Mary, adieu ! can that ship go to wreck,  
 Where every plank bears your sweet name on the deck ?

Nay, many love-knots on the tops I have made,  
 While guileless my ship-mates at chequers have play'd ;  
 Their sports are not pastime but sorrow to me,  
 My mind is more happy in sighing to thee !  
 More happy by far when thinking of you,  
 For the hope of return takes the sting from Adieu !  
 Yes ! the hopes of return, all the joys of a Tar,  
 'Tis his compass, his helm--'tis his guide and his star,  
 'Tis impress'd on his bosom the moment he sails,  
 It shortens long nights, and it quickens light gales ;  
 The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,  
 And dawns a new hope on his mind with the day ;  
 With rapture it makes his affections to burn,  
 And changes adieu into welcome return,

---

## GLEE

FOR THREE VOICES.

---

**H**ARK the hollow woods resounding,  
     Echo to the hunter's cry :  
**H**ark how the vales surrounding,  
     To each cheering voice reply.  
 Flying still, and still pursuing,  
     See the fox, the hounds, the men,

Cunning cannot save from ruin,  
Far from refuge, wood, and den,  
Now they have him, homeward hie him,  
For a jovial night's repast,  
Thus no sorrows e'er come nigh'em,  
Health continues to the last.

---

## HOW TO MAKE PEACE.

---

BY R. PADDOCK.

---

**M**ID all the commotions of this wayward life,  
The hustle of envy, ambition, or strife ;  
To make troubles light, and cares easily pass,  
I commend, like a landlord, a soul-cheering glass.  
Down, down, down, derry down.

There's nothing so pleasant as true honest mirth,  
And good eating and drinking's the first thing on earth ;  
E'en at church, too, how often this sentiment's giv'n,  
To live well below is the sure way to heav'n.

Down, &c.

I really believe there is something divine.  
In a bottle, or two, of bewitching old wine,  
For we see how in men it makes wonderful odds,

They'll open their hearts and their purses like Gods.  
Down, &c.

E'en the cold reserv'd Stoic, who ne'er has desires  
For what we all like and what nature requires,  
Yet the juice of the grape his blood it so warms,  
That the first wench he meets he's for tasting her charms.  
Down, &c.

And the prudish old maid, who dislikes naughty men,  
And would not as she tells you, be youthful again  
Yet ply her with bumpers, you'll find it so true,  
If you do not kiss her--why faith she'll kiss you.  
Down, &c.

So then, as such wonders result from good drinking,  
On a plan of importance I've lately been thinking;  
Which I will propose to the heads of the nation,  
And I hope it will meet with their full approbation.  
Down, &c.

That our Minister Pitt should send over to Gaul,  
And invite the Convention to Westminster-hall,  
Where, indeed, all the great ones of Europe should meet  
To partake of a friendly and true jolly treat.  
Down, &c.

Not a word of the war should be spoken at dinner,  
As who is the loser, or who is the winner ;  
Old Friend should be given in a bumper at least,  
As the founder of that and of ev'ry good feast.  
Down, &c.



When the wine had enabled each man to see clear,  
For the mind, like the body's inspired by good cheer ;  
When all were as potent and happy as kings,  
They then should discuss political things.

Down, &c.

No doubt but the bottle would make them agree,  
And the world be restored to sweet amity ;  
For under all government this you may find,  
True liberty blossoms in each honest mind.

Down, &c.

So then with your leave, sirs, a toast I'll propose,  
Success to our friends--reformation to foes ;  
An end to all war, desolation, and woe ;  
'Stead of blood, may rich claret and burgundy flow.

Down, &c.



## FRENCH FOLLY.

400 400 400 400

*Tune-* COME ALL HANDS A-HOY TO THE ANCHOR.



**F**RENCH boasters by way of false cover,  
Some desperate project to aid ;  
Would fain make it seem Europe over,

Old Eng'nd they mean to invade ;  
 As madnefs is Folly's attendant,  
 However by plunder allured ;  
 If e'er they attempt it, depend on't,  
 They'll then of their madnefs be cur'd.

## CHORUS.

With ourfelves let what will be the matter,  
 At the helm whofoever may fit;  
 'Tis not in an Engliſhman's nature,  
 To Gallican Laws to fubmit.  
 What rock we foever may ſplit on,  
 Whatever the Fate may decree;  
 He can't in his heart be a Briton,  
 French Rulers who wants here to fee ;  
 About their huge Rafts let 'em vapour,  
 And flourish away on dr ground ;  
 But truſt me 'tis only on paper  
 Theſe terrible things can be found.

Chorus--With ourfelves, &c.

The Army of England--fo chriſten'd  
 To ſtorm us pretenſions they make,  
 But thoſe who to ſecrets have liſten'd,  
 Think Ireland they mean to attack ;  
 Tho ſome have with confidence ſaid it,  
 Let who will ſet down at the loſs,  
 I ne'er to the tale can give credit,  
 That ever the Channel they'll croſs.

Chorus--With ourfelves, &c.

'Tis said, those who know their prescriptions,  
 No soul that has tasted reverses,  
 Are going to plague the Egyptians,  
 And humble the dey of Algiers.  
 The banks of the Nile they may scour,  
 And plant what they please on the soil;  
 Like locusts the country devour,  
 But ne'er shall subdue Britain's Isle.

Chorus--With ourselves, &c.

This odd whim just now seems to seize 'em :  
 To India they cast a side look ;  
 The game which most highly would please 'em,  
 Would be, a few Nabobs to pluck.  
 The Popedom they've root and branch ript up ;  
 Of conquest their hopes still are full ;  
 And when the Grand Turk's heels they've tript up,  
 They'll then set about the Mogul.

CHORUS.

With ourselves let what will be the matter,  
 At the helm whosoever may fit ;  
 'Tis not in an Englishman's nature  
 To Gallican laws to submit.



OLD TOWLER.

---

**BRIGHT** Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,

And spangles deck the thorn :

The lowing herds now quit the lawn,

The larks springs from the corn :

Dogs, huntsmen round the window throng,

Fleet Towler leads the cry ;

Arise the burthen of the song,

This day a stag must die !

With a hey ho, chivey !

Hark forward, tantivy !

Arise the burthen of the song,

This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,

The laugh and joke prevail ;

The huntsman blows a jovial sound,

The dogs snuff up the gale.

The upland wilds they sweep along,

O'er fields, thro' brakes they fly,

The game is rous'd, too true the song,

This day a stag must die.

With a hey ho, &c.

•

Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,  
 The tears run down thy face ;  
 The huntsman's pleasure is no more,  
 His joys were in the chace.  
 Alike the sportsman of the town,  
 The virgin game in view  
 Are full content to run them down  
 Then they in turn pursue.  
 With their hey ho, &c.

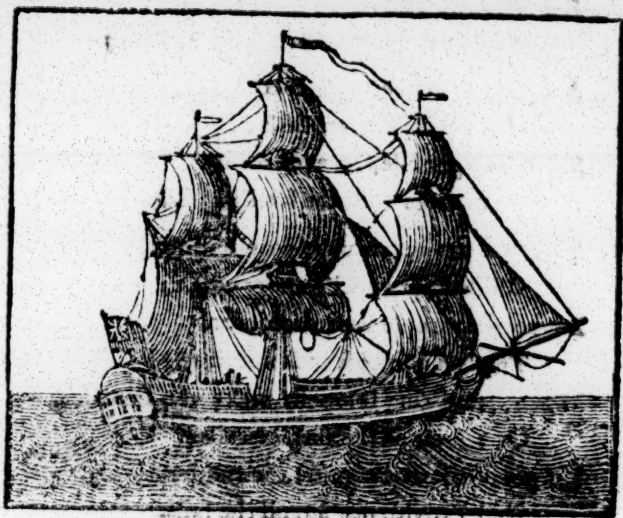
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### THE WATERMAN.

==

THEN farewell my trim-built wherry,  
 Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell ;  
 Never more at Chelsea Ferry,  
 Shall your Thomas take a spell.  
 But to hope and peace a stranger,  
 In the battle's heat I'll go ;  
 Where expos'd to every danger,  
 Some friendly ball shall lay me low.  
 Then may-hap, when homeward steering,  
 With the news my messmates come,  
 Even you the story hearing,  
 With a sigh may cry, poor Tom !





### THE SAILOR'S ALLEGORY.

**L**IFE's like a ship in constant motion,  
 Sometimes, high, sometimes low ;  
 Where every one must brave the ocean,  
 Whatsoever wind may blow :  
 If unaffail'd by squall or shower,  
 Wafted by the gentle gales ;  
 Let's not loose the fav'ring hour,  
 While success attends our sails.  
 Or, if the wayward winds should bluster,  
 Let us not give way to fear ;

But let us all our patience muster,  
 And learn from reason, how to steer :  
 Let judgment keep you ever steady,  
 'Tis a ballast never fails ;  
 Should danger rise, be ever ready  
 To manage well the swelling sails.  
 Trust not too much your own opinion,  
 While your vessel's under weigh ;  
 Let good example bear dominion,  
 That's a compass will not stray :  
 When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,  
 Or Boreas on the surface rails ;  
 Let good discretion guide the rudder,  
 And Providence attend the sails.  
 Then, when you're safe from danger, riding  
 In some welcome port or bay ;  
 Hope be the anchor you confide in,  
 And care awhile enflumber'd lay :  
 Or, when each cann's with liquor flowing  
 And good fellowship prevails ;  
 Let each true heart with rapture glowing,  
 Drink success unto our sails.



## THE IRISH WAKE.



LIFE's as like as can be to an Irish wake,  
 Where their tapers they light,  
 And they sit up all night,  
 Wid their—Why would you leave your poor Paddy to moan.  
 Arrah ! how could you be such a cake ?  
 Musha ! what will I do !  
 Lilly lilly lilly la loo !—oh hone !  
 Fait we're left altogether alone !  
 But, when the grief the liquor puts out,  
 The fun is all chang'd in a crack ;  
 Away like smoke goes the whisky about,  
 And they foot it, cross over, and back to back,  
 With their tiptelary whack.  
 Poor miss, bolted safe wid a good lock and key,  
 Like Thisbe may call  
 Through the hole in the wall,  
 How hards my misfortune ; I'm left here to moan ;  
 Will noone have pity on me !  
 Musha ! what will I do !  
 Lilly lilly lilly la loo !—oh hone !  
 I shall after be lying alone !  
 But when the rope-ladder affords her relief,  
 And she turns on her mother her back,  
 'Mong her friends and relations she leaves all her grief,

And away to scotland they trip in a crack.  
With their tiptelary whack.

The toper, next morning, low, sick, and in pain,  
The glasses all breaks,  
Beats his head 'cause it akes,

And wishes that wine may to poison be grown  
If e'er he gets tipsy again :

With his—What will I do !

Lilly lilly lilly la loo !—oh hone !

From this moment I'll drinking disown.

But, when in a posse come Bacchus's troop,

He changes his tone in a crack ;

They drink and they sing, and they hollow and whoop

Till they don't know the colour of blue from black,

And 'tis tiptelary whack.

And so 'tis through life :—widows left in the nick,

Dying swains in disgrace,

Patriots turn'd out of place,

Don't they, cursing their stars, make a horrible mean,

Just like when the devil was sick

Wid their—What will I do !

Lilly lilly lilly la loo !—oh hone !

Fait we're all left to grunt and to groan !

But when the widow gets married again,

When the lover is taken back,

When the patriot ousted a place shall obtain,

Away to the devil goes care in a crack,

And 'tis tiptelary whack.

## WHY SHOULD WE QUARREL FOR RICHES.

**H**OW pleasant a sailor's life passes,  
 Who roams on the wat'ry main !  
 No treasure he ever amasses,  
 But chearfully spends all his gain.  
 We're strangers to party and faction,  
 To honour and honesty true,  
 And would not commit a base action,  
 For power, or power in view.  
 Then why shou'd we quarrel for riches,  
 Or any such glittering toys ?  
 A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,  
 Goes through the world my brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,  
 Enrich'd with the blessings of life,  
 The toiler with plenty rewarding,  
 Which plenty to often breeds strife,  
 When terrible tempests assail us,  
 And mountainous billows affright,  
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,  
 But skilful industry steers right.  
 Then why should, &c.

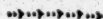
The courtier more subject to dangers,  
 Who rules at the helm of the state;



Than we, who to politics strangers,  
Escape the snares laid for the great.  
The various blessings of nature,  
In various nations we try ;  
No mortals than us can be greater,  
Who merrily live till we die.  
Then why should, &c,



FROM NIGHT TILL MORN.



**F**ROM night till morn I take my glass,  
In hopes to forget my Chloe,  
**B**ut tho' I take the pleasing draught,  
She's ne'er the less before me.  
Ah ! no, no, no, wine cannot cure,  
The pain I endure for my Chloe.  
**T**o wine I flew to ease the pain,  
Her beauteous charms created ;  
**B**ut wine more firmly bound the chain,  
And love would not be cheated :  
Ah ! no, no, no, wine cannot cure  
The pain I endure for my Chloe.



## THE DAUNTLESS SAILOR.



**T**HE dauntless sailor leaves his home,  
 Each softer joy and ease;  
**T**o distant climes he loves to roam,  
 Nor dread the boist'rous seas.  
 His heart with hope of vict'ry gay,  
 Scorns from the foe to run;  
 In battle terrors melt away,  
 As snow before the sun.  
 Though all the nations of the world,  
 Britannia's flag would lower,  
 Her banners still shall wave unfurl'd,  
 And dare their haughty pow'r.  
 But see Bellona sheathes her sword,  
 Hush'd is the angry main;  
 The cannon's roar no more is heard,  
 Sweet peace resumes her reign.  
 He hastes unto his native shore,  
 Where dwell sweet joy and rest;  
 His lovely Susan's smiles implore,  
 To crown and make him blest:  
 Now all the toils and dangers past,  
 And Susan's love remains,  
 The honest Tar is blest at last,  
 Her smiles reward his pains.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

---

IN good King Charles's golden days,

When loyalty had no harm in't,

A zealous high church man I was,

And so I got preferment :

To teach my flock, I never miss'd,

Kings are by God appointed ;

And those are dam'd that do resist,

And touch the Lord's annointed.

And this is law I will maintain,

Until my dying day, Sir,

That whatsoever king shall reign,

I will be vicar of Bray, Sir.

When royal James obtained the throne,

And pop'ry came in fashion,

The penal laws I hooted down,

And read the declaration :

The Church of Rome I found would fit

Full well my constitution ;

And had become a Jesuit,

But for the Revolution.

And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,  
 To ease the nation's grievance !  
 With this new wind about I steer'd,  
 And swore to him allegiance ;  
 Old principles I did revoke,  
 Set conscience at a distance :  
 Passive obedience was a joke,  
 And pish for non-resistance.  
 And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne ascends the throne,  
 The Church of England's glory,  
 Another face of things was seen,  
 And I became a Tory ;  
 Occasional conformists base,  
 I damn'd their moderation,  
 And thought the Church in danger was,  
 By such prevarication.  
 And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,  
 And moderate men look'd big, Sir,  
 I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,  
 And then became a Whig, Sir ;  
 And so preferment I procur'd  
 By our new Faith's Defender ;  
 And always every day abjur'd  
 The Pope and the Pretender.  
 And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house House of Honover,  
 And Protestant succession,  
 To these I do allegiance swear,  
 While they can keep possession;  
 For by my faith and loyalty  
 I never more will faulter,  
 And George my lawful king shall be,  
 Until the time shall alter.  
 And this is law, &c.



## SONG.



WHEN on board our trim vessel we joyously sail'd,  
 While the glass circled round in full glee,  
 King and country to give my old friend never fail'd,  
 And the toast was soon tost off by me:  
     Billows might dash,  
     Lightnings might flash,  
 'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

If a too pow'ful foe in our track did but pass,  
 We resolv'd both to live and die free,  
 Quick we number'd her guns, and for each took a glass  
 Then a broadside we gave her with three:  
     Cannon might roar,  
     Echo'd from shore,  
 'Twas the same with us both when at sea.





### THE SLAVE.

---

**F**ORC'D from home and all its pleasures

Afric's waste I left forlorn ;

To increase a stranger's treasures,

O'er the raging billows borne :

Men from England bought and sold me,

Paid my price in paltry gold ;

But, tho' theirs they have inroll'd me,

Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,

What are England's rights, I ask,

Me from my delights to sever,

Me to torture, me to task ?

Fleecy locks and black complexion  
 Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;  
 Skins may differ, but affection  
 Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature  
 Make the plant for which we toil?  
 Sighs must fan it, tears must water,  
 Sweat of our's must dress the soil.

Think ye, masters iron-hearted,  
 Lolling at your jovial boards,  
 Think how many backs have smarted  
 For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,  
 Is there ONE that reigns on high?  
 Has he bid you buy and sell us,  
 Speaking from his throne, the sky?  
 Ask him if your knotted scourges,  
 Notches, blood-extorting screws,  
 Are the means which duty urges  
 Agents of his will to use.

Hark, he answers!—wild tornadoes  
 Strewing yonder sea with wrecks;  
 Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,  
 Are the voice with which he speaks:  
 He, foreseeing what vexations  
 Afric's sons should undergo,  
 Fix'd their tyrant's habitations  
 Where the whirlwinds answer—No!

By our blood in Afric wasted,  
     Ere our necks receiv'd the chain ;  
 By the miseries that we tasted,  
     Crossing in your barks the main :  
 By our sufferings since ye brought us  
     To the man-degrading smart :  
 All sustained by patience, taught us  
     Only by a broken heart.  
 Deem our nation brutes no longer,  
     Till some reason ye shall find  
 Worthier of regard, and stronger  
     Than the colour of your kind.  
 Slaves of gold? whose sordid dealings  
     Tarnish all your boasted powers ;  
 Prove that you have human feelings,  
     Ere you proudly question ours.

---

### REMEMBER JACK.

---

**W**HEN scarce a handspike high,  
     Death with old dad made free ;  
 So what does I do me I,  
     But I pikes it off to sea.  
 Says I to sweetheart Poll,  
     If ever I come back,  
 We'll laugh and sing tol lol de rol lol ;  
     If not, remember Jack.

I'd fortin smooth and rough,  
     The wind would chop and veer,  
 'Till hard knocks I'd nab'd enough  
     On board a privateer.  
 Prop'd on a wooden peg,  
     Poll, I thought, would bid me pack,  
 So I was forc'd, d'ye see, to beg,  
     And 'twas pray remember Jack,  
 I ax'd as folks hove by,  
     And shew'd my wooden pin;  
 Young girls would sometimes sigh,  
     And gaping lubbers grin.  
 In vain I'd often bawl,  
     My hopes we're ta'en aback,  
 And my share of coppers small,  
     To pray remember Jack.  
 One day, my lockers bare,  
     And toggs all tatter'd grown,  
 I twigg'd a pinnace fair,  
     Well rigg'd, a bearing down;  
 'Twas Poll, she look'd so spruce,  
     What! thus, says she, come back?  
 My tongue forgot its use,  
     And pray remember Jack.  
 What matters much to prate!  
     She'd shiners sav'd a few,  
 So I became her mate,  
     Warn't Poll a sweetheart true?

Then a friend I'd sav'd before,  
 From a long voyage trips back,  
 Shar'd with Lhis gold galore,  
 For he well remembered Jack.

So, what tho'f I lost my leg,  
 It seem'd to fortin mend,  
 And was forc'd d'ye see to beg,  
 I gain'd a wife and friend.  
 Here's the king, old England, Poll,  
 My shipmate just come back ;  
 Then laugh and sing tol lol de rollol,  
 And pray remember Jack.

---

## WE CONQUER, DEAR GIRLS.

---

COME, sailors, be filling the cann,  
 The wind is beginning to blow :  
 We've time to drink round to a man,  
 And then to weigh anchor must go.  
 What thousands repair to the strand,  
 To give us a cheering adieu :  
 'Tis plain they believe on the land,  
 We conquer, dear girls, but for you.



When on the main-top-mast yard  
The sailor is swung to and fro,  
Let the tempest blow ever so hard,  
He whistles defiance to woe.  
The gale can but last for a while,  
Is always the boast of the crew;  
And then they reflect with a smile,  
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.  
Tho' battle tremendous appears,  
When blood stains the face of the main;  
Tho' thunder resounds in his ears,  
The sailor's a stranger to pain;  
The thought with what rapture and pride  
Each girl will her hero review,  
'Tis this makes him danger deride,  
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

---

### CUCKOO SONG.

---

SEE the summer's sweets appear!  
Cuckoo! summer's harbinger,  
Haste and swell thy tuneful throat;  
Let the rose's op'ning bloom,  
Let the meadow's soft perfume,  
Tempt thy sweet, thy cheerful note.

Lambkins, round their dam that play,  
Feel the sun's enliv'ning ray,

See the verdant branches spring!  
Heifers gambol o'er the mead,  
Deer within their covert feed ;

Come, sweet cuckoo, prithee sing,  
Hist! hist! she sings! sweet cuckoo, swell thy throat!  
And thro' the summer heats prolong thy cheerful note,

---

*A NEW SONG,*

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. HOOK.



*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*



WRITTEN BY M. P. ANDREWS, ESQ.



**Y**E nymphs and swains,  
Attend my strains,  
Good humour prompts the lay;  
A lively song,  
And cheerful throng,  
Must chase dull care away :—  
The times have been hard I allow,  
~~But~~ Fate smiles propitiously now,

**And** Fashion itself denotes plenty;—

See all around,

What crops abound,

**For** one of last year we have twenty;

Fine crops!

Thick tops!

**Huzza, huzza**—What need we fear?

This is the harvest of leap year.

The ladies too,

**As** patriots true,

Flock round the green-cloth board,

And sitting late,

To help the state,

Deal out their spousey's hoard :

**With** arms and with elbows all bare,

**No** pains, no exposure, they spare,

Content to be chain'd round the middle,

With gilded head.

Like gingerbread,

**All** follow the card or the fiddle;

Great haste!

No waste!

**Huzza, huzza, &c. &c.**

If aid like this,

**Through** Ma'am and Miss,

From recreation springs;

If bucks and fops

Produce such crops,

**We** ne'er can want good things;

But, should glittering belles join in vain,  
 And cruel informers complain,  
 To stop the fair bank's circulation ;  
 Our dogs will help,  
 Tax every whelp,  
 And puppies may prop up the nation :  
 Bow-wow !  
 Any how !  
 Huzza, huzza, &c. &c.

---

## THE CATERER.



FROM DIBDIN'S "WILL OF THE WISP."



I'M a cook for the public, can please every palate  
 With some sav'ry bonne bouche, from the soup to the sallad.  
 Are you partial to fish ? I've for dunces cod's joles ;  
 Carp and crabs for plain-dealers ; for toppers, good soles.  
 I thought I'd some maids, but I made a mistake ;  
 I've a rich liq'rish old wife for any poor rake ;  
 I've a plaise for a courtier ; for jokers I've grigs ;  
 I've gudgeons for quacks ; and I've flounders for teagues.  
 Coming, coming—you'll find that I tell you no fable :  
 This way, if you please, gemmen : dinner's on table.  
 I've some fine devill'd lawyers, some sinners disguis'd ;  
 Some patriots stew'd, and some gen'ral's surpris'd ;

Then if cayenne you love, and would wish something nice,  
 Lord ! I'll roast you a nabob, dear sir, in a trice.  
 Then for fops who to make themselves fools take such pains,  
 I've a fine thick calf's head with the tongue and brains ;  
 I've mushrooms for upstarts ; for Welshmen I've leeks ;  
 Ducks and drakes for stock jobbers, and pigeons for Greeks,  
 Coming, coming, &c.

And then the desert—I have all sorts of cakes ;  
 I've islands of moonshine in syllabub lakes ;  
 I've a fig for ill-nature ; I've raisins for gluts ;  
 And then, for all those fond of secrets, I've nuts.  
 Such as through fashions maze pass their lives in a dream,  
 May sicken on trifles, and ice, and whipt cream ;  
 Vain coxcombs on flumm'ry may feast till they burst ;  
 Then I've got, for your true snarling critic, a crust.  
 Coming, coming, &c.

---

## THE NANCY.

—•••••  
 A SONG BY MR. DIBDIN.  
 —•••••

**M**AYHAP you have heard that as dear as their lives  
 All true-hearted tars love their ships and their wives.  
 To their duty like pitch sticking close till they die ;  
 And whoe'er wants to know it, I'll tell'em for why.



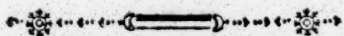
One through dangers and storms brings me safely ashore,  
 T'other welcomes me home when my danger is o'er;  
 Both smoothing the ups and the downs of this life;  
 For my ship's called the Nancy, and Nancy's my wife.

When Nancy my wife o'er the lawn scuds so neat,  
 And so light the proud grass scarcely yields to her feet,  
 So rigg'd out and so lovely, 'tis'nt easy to trace  
 Which is reddest, her topnot, her shoes, or her face.  
 While the neighbours to see her forget all their cares,  
 And are pleas'd that she's mine, tho' they wish she was their's!  
 Marvel not then to think of the joy of my life;  
 I my ship calls the Nancy, for Nancy's my wife.

As for Nancy my vessel, but see her in trim,  
 She seems through the ocean to fly and not swim;  
 'Fore the wind like a dolphin she merily plays,  
 She goes any how well, but she looks best in stays.  
 Scudding, trying, or tacking, 'tis all one to she;  
 Mounting high, or low sunk in the trough of the sea;  
 She has saved me from many hard squeaks for my life;  
 So I call'd her the Nancy, 'cause Nancy's my wife.

When so sweet in the dance careless glides my heart's queen,  
 She sets out and sets in far the best on the green;  
 So of all the grand fleet my gay vessel's the flower,  
 She outsails the whole tote by a knot in an hour.  
 Then they both sail so cheerful through life's varying breeze,  
 All hearts with such pilots must be at their ease.  
 Thus I've two kind protecters to watch me through life,  
 My good ship the Nancy, and Nancy my wife.

Then these hands from protecting them, who shall debar ?  
 Ne'er ingratitude lurk'd in the heart of a tar,  
 Why every thing female from peril to save  
 Is the noblest distinction that honours the brave.  
 While a rag, or a timber, or compass I boast,  
 I'll protect the dear creatures against a whole host,  
 Still grateful to both to the end of my life,  
 My good ship the Nancy, and Nancy my wife.

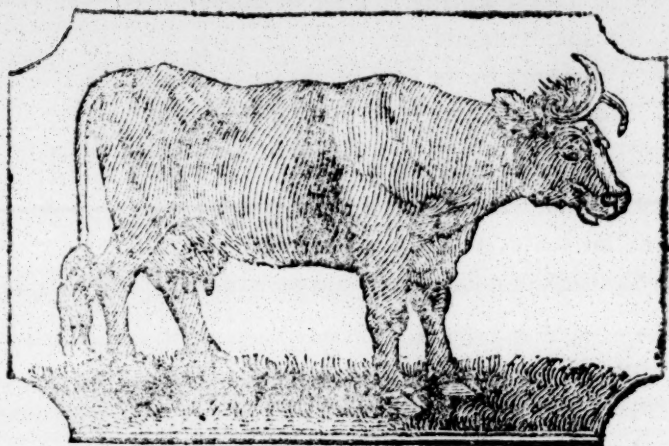


## JEALOUSY.



**T**HOU' the cause of suspicion appears,  
 Yet proofs of her love are too strong :  
 I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,  
 And unworthy her smiles if I'm wrong :  
 What heart-breaking torments from jealousy flow,  
 Ah ! none but the jealous, the jealous can know.

When blest with the smiles of the fair,  
 I know not how much I adore ;  
 These smiles let another but share,  
 And I wonder I priz'd them no more :  
 Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,  
 When the falser she seems, still the fonder I grow.



*JACKY and the COW.*



FROM DIBDIN'S CHRISTMAS GAMBOLE.



THERE were Farmer Thrasher, and he had a cow,  
And gammer were very fond on 'un;  
And they'd a son Jacky who made a fine bow,  
And the sent 'un up 'prentice to Lunnon.

Jackey's master a barber and hair-dresser were;  
Than some 'squires cod he thought himself bigger;  
In the day through the town he would cut and dress hair,  
And dress'd out at night he cut a figure.

To ape Jackey's master was all his delight,  
 The soap-suds and razor both scorning,  
 He's been took by the nose by the same fop at night  
 That he took by the nose in the morning.

Now to see the cow mourn, would have made a cat laugh,  
 Her milk was his food late and early;  
 And for sartin, if Jacky had been her own calf,  
 She could not have loved him more dearly.

She moan'd and she moan'd, nor knew what she did ail,  
 To heart so she took this disaster;  
 Till roaming about, some rogues cut off her tail,  
 And then sent her home to her master.

Here's the cow come home, gammer, so bring out the pail;  
 Poor creature, I'se glad we have found 'un.  
 Cries dame, 'Taint our cow, she's got never a tail;  
 Here Roger, go take 'un and pound 'un.

'Tis our cow, but you see she's been maim'd by some brute;  
 The woman's a vool, give me patience!  
 So to squabbling they went; when, to end the dispute,  
 Came home Jacky to see his relations.

His spencer he sported, his hat round he twirl'd,  
 As whistling a tune he came bolt in;  
 And bedock'd & belopp'd, waunds he look'd all the world  
 Like trimm'd bantams or magpies a moulting.

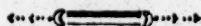
"O dear, 'tis our Jacky; come bring out the ale."  
 Then gammer got skipping around 'un.

"Our Jacky! why dom't his got never a tail;  
Here Roger, go take 'un and pound 'un."

"Tis the kick, I say, old one, so I brought it down,  
Worn by jemmies so neat and so spunky."—

"Ah! Jacky, thou went'st up a puppy to town,  
And now thee beest come down a monkey."

Gammer storm'd, gaffer swore, Jacky whistled; and now—  
'Twas agreed without any more passion,  
To take Jacky in favour as well as the cow—  
Because they were both in the fashion.



## WHEN BENDING O'ER THE LOFTY YARD.



WHEN bending o'er the lofty yard,  
The jolly seamen reefs the sail,  
Though whirlwinds roar, he grappels hard  
The swinging beams, nor dreads the gale;  
When hidden rocks and sable clouds  
Impede the shatter'd vessel's way,  
The boatswain, clinging to the shrouds,  
Undaunted pipes his midnight lay.  
And 'ere the wreck begins to sink,  
'Ere through her sides the billows pour,  
The sailor bravely stops to drink,  
Then grasps the mast and gains the shore:



Thus, Harriet, were I moor'd with you,  
 No threatening danger would I see,  
 But laugh at terror's pale-fac'd crew,  
 And baffle life's tempestuous sea.  
 Or haply should soft zephyr blow,  
 We'd leave the port and share the gale;  
 While Bacchus call'd all hands below,  
 And Fortune, laughing, set our sail,  
 From quicksands of domestic care,  
 Where jealousy's loud breakers roar,  
 From sorrow's coast we'd steer afar,  
 Till death should tow our boat ashore.



## THE REPRISALS.



COME rouse, brother tars, hark the seamen all cry,  
 We are ordered to fight let us conquer or die;  
 The trumpet's loud notes, and the cannons loud roar,  
 Will chide the dull landsmen for ling'ring on shore.  
 Success has just sent us a prosperous gale,  
 Directs all our thunders and fills ev'ry sail;  
 She soon will assure us we arm not in vain,  
 And make us all rich by the spoils of the main.  
 Leave, leave, my brave messmates, the smiles of the fair,  
 'Tis George that demands all the heart you can spare;

Then tell them that love must to glory give place,  
Soon beauty shall welcome the conqueror's embrace.

To fame, jovial hunters, your sports ye must yield,  
Now glory awaits you on ocean's wide field;  
We've an excellent chase, nobler game we've in view,  
The enemy'll fly, while we Britons pursue.

Like sons of old England once more we resume,  
The humbling their flags to our high riding broom,  
Despotic invaders have giv'n us our cue,  
And boldly we'll make the reprisals long due.

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## THE FLOWING BOWL.

---

*From Dibdin's "King and Queen."*

---

OF all heav'n gave to comfort man,  
And cheer his drooping soul,  
Shew me a blessing, he who can,  
To top the Flowing bowl.  
When am'rous Strephon, dying swain,  
Whose heart his Daphne stole,  
Is jilted, to relieve his pain,  
He seeks the flowing bowl.

When husbands hear, in hopeless grief,  
 The knell begin to toll,  
 They mourn awhile, then for relief,  
 They seek the flowing bowl.  
 The tar while swelling waves deform  
 Old ocean as they roll,  
 In spite of danger and the storm,  
 Puts round the flowing bowl.

The miner, who his devious way  
 Works like the purblind mole,  
 Still comfort for the loss of day  
 Finds in the flowing bowl,  
 It gives to poets lyric wit;  
 To jesters to be droll;  
 Anacreon's self had never writ  
 But for the flowing bowl.

Moisten your clay, then, sons of earth,  
 To Bacchus, in a shoal;  
 Come on, the volunteers of mirth,  
 And, by the flowing bowl,  
 Become immortal be ador'd;  
 'Mongst god's your names enroll;  
 Olympus be the festive board,  
 Nectar the flowing bowl.



JOHN BULL.

\*❖\*

A NEW LOYAL SONG.

\*❖\*

HERE's a health to honest John Bull,  
When he's gone we sha'nt find such another,  
And with hearts and with glasses brimfull,  
Here's a health to old England his mother.  
Here's a health, &c.

She gave him a good education,  
Bade him keep to his church and his king;  
Be loyal and true to the nation,  
And then to be merry and sing.  
Here's a health, &c.

Now John is a good humour'd fellow,  
Industrious, honest and brave,  
Not afraid of his betters, when mellow,  
Tho' betters he knows he must have.  
Here's a health, &c.

Rights of man make a very fine sound,  
Equal riches a plausible tale;  
Some must govern, and some till the ground;  
Or, all riches would speedily fail,  
Here's a health, &c.

That knaves are for levelling—no wonder ;

'Tis easy to guess at their views :

'Tis they would get all by the plunder ;

'Tis they who have nothing to lose.

Here's a health, &c.

Then away with such nonsense and stuff,

Full of treason, confusion and blood ;

Ev'ry Briton has freedom enough,

To be happy as long as he's good.

Here's a health, &c.



## CROPPIES LIE DOWN.



### *A favorite Irish Song.*



WE soldiers of Erin, so proud of the name,  
We'll raise up on rebels and frenchmen our fame ;  
We'll fight to the last in the honest old cause,  
And guard our religion, our freedom and laws.  
We'll fight for our Country our King and his Crown,  
And make all the traitors and croppies lie down,  
down, down, and croppies lie down.  
We'll fight for our Country, &c.

The rebels so bold when they've none to oppose,  
To houses and haystacks are terrible foes ;



They murder poor parsons and likewise their wives,  
 At the sight of a soldier, they run for their lives.  
 Whenever we march through country or town,  
 In ditches and cellars the croppies lie down,  
                   down, down, croppies lie down.

Whenever we march, &c.

United in blood their country's disgrace,  
 They secretly shoot those they dare not to face;  
 But when we can catch the sly rogues in the field,  
 A handful of soldiers make hundreds to yield.  
 The cowards collect but to raise our renown,  
 For as soon as we fire the croppies lie down,  
                   down, down, croppies lie down.

The cowards collect, &c.

While they this war unmanly they wage,  
 On women, dear women they turn their blood-thirsty rage,  
 We'll fly to protect the dear creatures from harm,  
 They'll be sure to find safety when clasp'd in our arms.  
 On love in a soldier, no maiden will frown,  
 But bless the brave boys that made coppers lie down,  
                   down, down, that made coppers lie down.

On love in a soldier, &c.

Should France e'er attempt by force or by guile,  
 Her forces to land on the emerald sweet isle;  
 We'll shew that they ne'er can make free soldiers slaves,  
 They shall only possess our green fields for their graves.

Our country's applauses, our triumphs will crown,  
 Whilst low with their french brothers the croppies lie down,  
                   down, down, croppies lie down.

Our country's, &c.

When wars and when dangers again shall be o'er,  
 And peace with her blessings revisit our shore ;  
 When arms we relinquish, no longer to roam,  
 With pride will our families welcome us home.  
 They'll drink in full bumpers past troubles to drown,  
 A health to the lads that made croppies lie down,  
                   down, down, croppies lie down.

They'll drink, &c.

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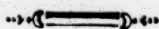
## THE CARPET WEAVER.

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**DON'T** you remember a carpet weaver,  
       Whose daughter loved a youth so true,  
 He promised one day he never would leave her,  
       Ah down in the vale where violets grew.  
 He flatter'd and vow'd where she sat beside him,  
       Soft tales telling of loves long ago;  
 He vow'd to her but can you tell if she her love denied him,  
       Ah down in the vale where violets grow.  
 Never he told her, he would be a rover,  
       She fondly thought he told her true ;

But how shall the maid his truth discover,  
 Ah will he plight his vows anew.

If never, never her voice deceived him,  
 Now while telling of loves long ago,  
 Can he forget the girl who believ'd him,  
 Down in the vale where violets grow.



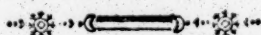
## THE FAREWELL.



SLOWLY accross the distant plain,  
 Many a weary step I measure,  
 That we may live to meet again,  
 Is the dear hope I fondly treasure ;  
 But dearer far the rising sigh,  
 That love drew from thee when we parted ;  
 A blessing thou couldst not deny,  
 To one who left thee broken hearted.

And when those lovely eyes betray'd,  
 Such deep regret, such artless sorrow,  
 Thy sweet farewell at once conveyed,  
 The only charm despair would borrow ;  
 Yet could not I my Tears command,  
 And, fearful lest I had offended,  
 Silent I press'd thy trembling hand,  
 In pity to my grief extended.

If ever thou shouldst softly sigh,  
 And count the hours we have been parted;  
 Let mem'ry then the form supply,  
 Of one who left thee broken hearted.  
 And when across the distant plain,  
 From far my weary steps I measure,  
 To live and meet thee once again,  
 Will realize the hope I treasure.



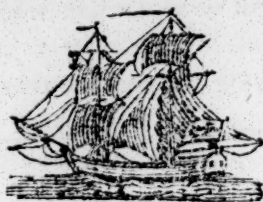
## THE TOPSAIL FILLS.



**T**HE topsail fills, the waving bark unmoors,  
 Adieu, dear Isle, I fly thy native shores,  
 Where oft, alas! attention fondly strove,  
 In Delia's heart to trace her Henry's love.

Go, gentle gale, ah! waft my parting sighs,  
 Fraught with the anguish of a heart that dies;  
 Breath all the sorrows of a sad adieu,  
 Then swiftly speed me from the syren's view.

And thou sweet soother, whose responsive strain,  
 Returns each sigh, and echoes every pain,  
 O bear this poignant pang, these pangs of wild despair,  
 And softly sigh them to the cruel fair.



*ANNA; or the ADIEU.*



SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON.



**W**HEN the sails catch the breeze, & the anchor is weigh'd  
 To bear me from Anna, my beautiful maid,  
 The topmast ascending, I look for my dear,  
 And sigh that her features imperfect appear;  
 Till aided by fancy, her charms I still trace,  
 And for me see the tears trickle down her pale face,  
 While her hankerchief waving solicits my view,  
 And I hear her sad lips sadly sigh out—adieu.  
  
 The pleasing delusion not long can prevail,  
 Higher rise the proud waves, and more brisk blows the gale,  
 The gale that regards not the sighs that it bears,  
 The proud waves, still unmov'd, tho' augmented by tears;  
 Ah! will ye not one single moment delay,  
 O think from what rapture ye bear me away,  
 Then my eyes strain in vain my dear Anna to view,  
 And a tear drops from each as I sigh out—adieu.



Yet some comfort it gives to my agoniz'd mind,  
 That I still see the land where I left her behind,  
 The land that gave birth to my charmer and me,  
 Tho' less'ning, my eyes beam with pleasure to see;  
 'Tis the casket that holds all that's dear to my heart,  
 'Tis the haven where yet we shall meet ne'er to part,  
 If the fates are propitious to lovers so true,  
 But if not, dearest Anna, a long, long, adieu.



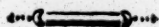
### POOR ISABEL.



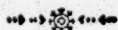
MY parentage 'tis true,  
 Is humble and obscure;  
 But yet I've heard that few,  
 Their peace by birth ensure:  
 In better fortune's lot,  
 Let other maids excel,  
 The unfrequented cot,  
 Contents poor Isabel.

For primroses I roam  
 In summer through the fields,  
 And industry gives home,  
 The comforts which it yields,  
 While cheefully I try,  
 My rural stores to sell,  
 The stranger passing by  
 Assists poor Isabel.

If fortune hath confin'd  
 My hopes to humble lot,  
 I keep a peaceful mind,  
 Nor think beyond a cot :  
 Let those whom pride invites,  
 In gayer scenes to dwell,  
 Regret the pure delights  
 Which waits poor Isabel.



# FAL, LAL, LA.



**A** SHEPHERD once had lost his love,  
 Fal, lal, la, &c.  
 And as he sought her in a grove,  
 Where she slept as he did stray,  
 A little bird sung from the spray,  
 Fal, lal, la, &c.

In vain this bird did strain her throat,  
 Fal, lal, la, &c.  
 In vain she varied off her note ;  
 The foolish shepherd wandered on,  
 The fair one rose, and soon was gone,  
 Fal, lal, la, &c.

At last the bird to him did say,

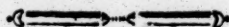
Fal, lal, la, &c.

If you will not when you may,

When you will, you shall have nay,

The little bird then flew away.

Fal, lal, la, &c.



## HUNTING THE HARE.



SONGS of shepherds in rustical roundelays,

Form'd in fancy and whistled on reeds ;

Sung to solace young nymphs upon holidays,

Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds ;

Sottish Silenus

To Phœbus the genius

Was sent by dame Venus a song to prepare ;

In phrase nicely coin'd,

And verse quite refin'd,

How the states divine hunted the hare.

Stars quite tired with pastimes olympical,

Stars and planets that beautiful shone ;

Could no longer endure, that men only shall,

Swim in pleasures, and they but look on,

Round about horned

Lucina they swarmed

And her informed how minded they were,  
     Each god and goddess  
     To take human bodies,  
 As lords and ladies to follow the hare.  
 Chaste Diana applauded the motion,  
     While pale Proserpine sat in her place,  
 To guide the welkin and govern the ocean,  
     While she conducted her nephews in chace ;  
     By her example,  
     Their father to trample,  
 The earth old and ample they soon leave the air ;  
     Neptune the water,  
     And wine Liber Pater,  
 And Mars the slaughter to follow the hare.  
 Young god Cupid was mounted on Pegasus,  
     Borrow'd of the muses with kisses and prayers,  
 Stern Alcides upon cloudy Caucasus,  
     Mounted a Centaur that proudly him bears :  
     Postillion of the sky,  
     Light heel'd Mercury,  
 Made his courser fly fleet as the air ;  
     While tuneful Apollo,  
     The chace did follow,  
 And hoop and hollow boys after the hare.  
 Drowned Narcissus from his Metamorphosis,  
     Rous'd by Echo new manhood did take ;  
 Snoring Somnus upstart from Cimmeries,  
     Before for a thousand years he did not wake,

There was clubfooted  
 Mulciber booted  
 And Pan promoted on Corydon's mare ;  
 Æolus flouted  
 And Momus shouted  
 And Pallas pouted yet follow'd the hare.  
 Hymen ushers the lady Astrea,  
 The jest took hold of Latona the cold,  
 Ceres the brown with bright Cytheria,  
 Thetis the wanton Bellona the bold ;  
 Shamefac'd Aurora,  
 With witty Pandora,  
 And Maia with Flora did company bear ;  
 But Juno was stated,  
 Too high to be mated,  
 Altho' she hated not hunting the hare.  
 Three brown bowls to th' Olympical recter,  
 The Troy born boy presents on his knee,  
 Jove to Phœbus carouses in Nectar.  
 And Phœbus to Hermes and Hermes to me.  
 Wherewith infused,  
 I piped and mused,  
 In language unused their sports to declare  
 Till the house of Jove,  
 Like the spheres did move,  
 Health to those that love hunting the hare.





## THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.



SOME talk of Alexander and some of Hercules,  
 Or Conon and Lysander and some Meltiadies ;  
 But of all the World's brave Heroes there's none that can compare,  
 With a tow, row, row, row, row, to the british grenadier.

None of those ancient heroes e'er saw a cannon ball,  
 Or new the force of powder to slay their foes withal ;  
 But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,  
 With a tow, row, row, row row, the british grenadiers.

When e'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,  
 Our leaders march with fusees and we with hand-grenades,  
 We throw them from the glacis about our enemies ears,  
 With a tow, row, row, row, row, the british grenadiers.

The god of war was pleased and great Bellona smiles,  
 To see these noble heroes, out of our british isles ;  
 And all the gods celestial, descending from their spheres,  
 Beheld with admiration the british grenadiers.

Then let us crown a bumper, and drink a health to those,  
 Who carry caps and pouches that wear the louped cloaths,  
 May they and their commanders, live happy all their years,  
 With a tow, row, row, row, row, the british grenadiers.

FATHER, MOTHER AND SUKE.

\*◇\*

SAYS my father says he one day to I,

Thou know'st by false friends we are undone,  
Should my lawsuit be lost, then thy good fortune try,  
Among our relations in London.

Here's Sukey the poor orphan child of friend Grist,  
Who once kept thy father from starving,  
When thy fortune thou'st made, thou shall take by the fist,  
For a wife, for she's good and deserving.

But mind thee in heart, this one maxim our Jack,  
As thou'st read thy good fate in a book,  
Make honour thy guide, or else never come back,  
To father and mother and Suke.

So I buss'd Suke and mother, and greatly concerned,  
Off I set with my father's kind blessing,  
To our cousin the wine merchant where I soon learn'd  
About mixing, and brewing, and pressing.

But the slow juice, and rats bane, and all that fine joke  
Was soon in my stomach a rising,

Why dom it cried I would you kill the poor folk?  
I thought you sold wine and not poison :

Your place my good cousin wont do for you lack  
To make your broth another guess cook ;  
Besides without honour I canno' go back  
To father and mother, and Suke.

To my uncle the docter I next went my ways ;  
He teach'd me the mystery, quickly,  
Of those that were dying to shorten the days,  
And they in good health to make sickly :

Oh the musick of groans ! cried my uncle dear boy,  
Vapours set all my spirits a flowing,  
A fit of the gout makes me dancing for joy,  
At an ague I'm all in a glowing.

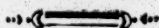
Why then my dear uncle cries I you're a quack,  
For another assistant go look,  
For you see without honour I munna go back  
To father and mother and Suke.

From my cousin the parson I soon comed away,  
Without either waiting or warning,  
For he preach'd upon soberness three times one day,  
And then comed home drunk the next morning.

My relation, the author, stole other folks thoughts,  
My cousin the bookseller sold them,  
My pious old aunt found in innocence faults,  
And made virtue blush as she told them.

24  
So the prospect around me quite dismal, and black,  
Scarcely knowing on which side to look,  
I just sav'd my honour and then I comed back,  
To father and mother and Suke.

I found them as great as a king on his throne ;  
 The lawsuit had banished all sorrow :  
 I'm come said I father, my honour's my own,  
 Then thou shalt have Sukey to morrow.  
 But how about London ? I won't do for a clown  
 There vice rides with folly behind it,  
 Not you see that I says there's no honour in town,  
 I only says I could not find it.  
 If you sent me to starve, you found out the right track,  
 If to live the wrong method you took  
 For I poor went to London, and poor I'm comed back,  
 To father and mother and Suke.



## THE GIRL OF MY HEART.



**I**N the world's crooked path where I've been,  
 There to share of life's gloom my poor part,  
 The bright sun-shine that softened the scene  
 Was—a smile from the girl of my heart.  
 Not a swain when the lark quits her nest,  
 But to labour with glee will depart,  
 If at eve he expects to be blest  
 With—a smile from the girl of his heart.  
 Come then crosses and cares as they may,  
 Let my mind still this maxim impart,  
 That the comfort of man's fleeting day  
 Is—a smile from the girl of his heart.

LOVELY NAN.



SWEET is the ship that's under sail,  
Spreads her wide bosom to the gale,

Sweet, O sweet's the flowing can;  
Sweet to poise the labouring oar,  
That tugs us to our native shore,

When the boatswain pipes the barge to man,  
Sweet sailing with a flowing breeze,  
But, O much sweeter than all these  
Is Jack's delight, his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,  
To shew of constancy the worth,

A curious lesson teaches man;  
The needle time may rust a squall,  
Capsize the binnacle and all,  
Let seamanship do all it can;  
My love in worth shall higher rise,  
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize,  
My faith and truth for lovely Nan.

When in the bellows I was pen'd,  
For serving oft a worthless friend,

And every creature from me ran;  
No ship performing quarantine,  
Was ever so deserted seen,



None hail'd me, woman, child, or man,  
But tho' false friendship's sails are furl'd,  
Tho cut adrift from all the world,  
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

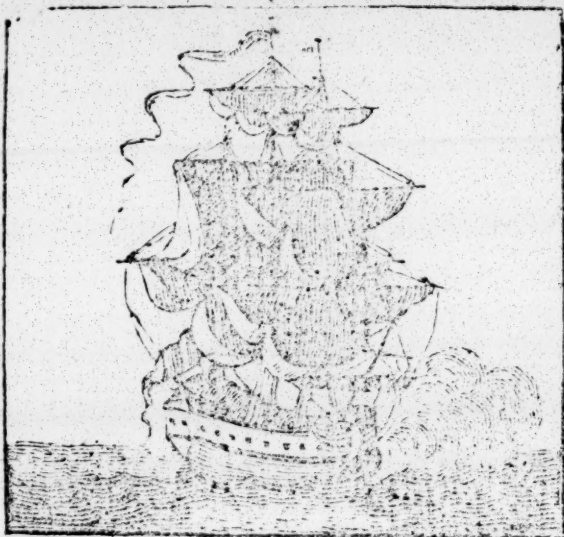
I love my duty, love my friend,  
Love truth and merit to defend,  
To moan their loss who hazard ran;  
I love to take an honest part,  
Love beauty and a spotless heart,  
By manners love to shew the man,  
To sail thro' life by honour's breeze,  
It was all along of loving these,  
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

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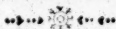
### THE FISHERMAN'S GLEE.

---

WE be three poor fishermen who daily troll the seas,  
We spend our lives in jeopardy, while others live at ease :  
The sky looks black around, around, the sky looks black  
around,  
And he that would be merry boys, come haul his boat  
aground.  
We cast our lines along the shore, in stormy wind and rain,  
And ev'ry night we land our nets, till daylight comes again :  
The sky looks black around, around, the sky looks black  
around,  
And he that would be merry boys, come haul his boat  
aground.



## RULE BRITANNIA.



WHEN Britain first at heav'n's command,  
Arose from out the azure main,  
Arose, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sung this strain :

### CHORUS.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,  
For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,  
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall,  
Must in, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke  
More dreadful, &c.

As the loud blast that tears the skies,  
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;  
All their attempts to bend thee down,  
All their, &c.

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
And work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belong the rural reign,  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,  
Thy cities, &c.

All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,  
And every shore it circles thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muse still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair,  
Shall to, &c.

Bless'd isle! with beauties, with matchless beauties crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

## LUBIN OF THE HILL.

**W**HERE Lowestoff waves its yellow corn,  
 Young Lubin does reside,  
 Of humble state, and lowly born,  
 Devoid of fame or pride.  
 The shepherds bosom free from guile,  
 Knows nought of art or ill,  
 Yet who can love, and sweetly smile,  
 Like Lubin of the hill.

Tho' riches scorn to deck his cot,  
 Content around him dwells;  
 And tho' but few the sheep he's got,  
 His fleece all flocks excels!  
 Rear'd by his care, they frisk and play,  
 And rove about at will;  
 Like, when I gave my heart away,  
 To Lubin of the hill!

But Hymen soon shall join our hands,  
 Young Lubin has confess'd;  
 And sure when love cements the bands,  
 We must be truly blest!  
 My hand and heart has long been thine,  
 And shall my shepherd, still;  
 For who that's marry'd can repine,  
 With Lubin of the hill!

## O FINE LONDON TOWN.



COME lads and lasses round me throng,  
 I'se tell you where I've been,  
 And if you do 'na flout my song,  
 I'se tell you what I've seen,  
 I've been 'mongst shoals of good and bad,  
 Full portion of the latter,  
 Where men are oft a little mad,  
 And women near the matter,  
 Introth I've been a silly clown,  
 Who wou'd trudge up to London town.  
     O fine London town.

Dear me what sights I saw when there,  
 So droll they run their riggs,  
 The men have little shocks of hair;  
 The ladies, curly wigs,  
 Thinks I, fegs, what mun this be call'd,  
 What wonders fashion hatches,  
 When beaus are seen all over bald;  
 And belles all over scratches,  
 Then who but I a silly clown,  
 Would venture up to London town.  
     O strange London town.

Our neighbour Hodge I chanc'd to meet;  
 And he would make me stop,  
 Says he come wi me down the street,  
 I'll shew thee such a crop.



And so I thought 'twas corn that grow'd,

But hang him for a joker,

What think you was the crop he shew'd,

A little fat jew broker.

Now who but such a silly clown,

Could thus be jeer'd in London town,

O sad London town.

So then I went to call on Nan,

Who came to town last year,

Thinks I, I'll catch her if I can,

In all her Sunday gear,

But soon I took me out o'doors,

Her hands her feet were mocking,

For cas'd with worsted on all fours,

She seem'd one piece of stocking.

Again I was a silly clown,

For staring thus thro' London town.

O rare London town.

One thing I saw that cheer'd my heart,

And you'll in this agree,

I mean the glow in ev'ry part,

Of British loyalty,

Both rich and poor and great and small,

Revolt at revolution,

And bravely rally one, and all,

Round England's constitution.

So I'll no more sit lazy down,

But volunteer; like lads in town,—O brave, &c.

( 114 )

GLEE.

TUNE--"Glorious Apollo."



GODDESS of freedom! from on high behold us,  
While thus to thee we dedicate our lays;  
Long in thy cause hath principle enrol'd us.  
Here to thy name a monument we raise.  
Thus then combining, heart and voice joining,  
Sing we in harmony to freedom's praise.

Here ev'ry gen'rous sentiment awaking,  
Zeal that inspir'd our patriot's yore:  
Each pledge of freedom giving and partaking,  
Join we our bleeding country to restore.  
Thus then combining, heart and voice joining,  
Send the shout, of liberty from shore to shore.

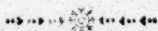


DUET.

TAKE THIS NOSEGAY GENTLE YOUTH.

TAKE this nosegay gentle youth,  
And you sweet maid take mine;  
Unlike these flow'rs be thy fair truth,  
Unlike these flow'rs be thine.

Keep that nosegay, gentle youth,  
And you, sweet maid, keep mine ;  
Unlike these flow'rs be thy fair truth ;  
Unlike these flow'rs be thine.  
These changing soon, will soon decay,  
Be sweet 'till noon, then pass away ;  
Sweet for a while their transient charms appear,  
But truth unchang'd shall bloom for ever here.



## THE COMICAL FELLOW.

A GLEE.



SIR, you're a comical fellow,  
Your nose it is hooked,  
Your back it is crooked ;  
And you are a comical fellow.  
What I ? no, you are a comical fellow.  
Nay, you are a comical fellow,  
You squint with such grace,  
So red is your face ;  
'Tis you are a comical fellow.  
You you, 'tis you are a comical fellow.  
What I, am I a comical fellow ?  
No, no, pray do not say so ;  
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## CHORUS.

**L**ET shepherd lads and maids advance,  
 And neatly trim be seen ;  
 To night we'll lead the merry dance,  
 In circles o'er the green.  
 Beyond our hopes, by fortune crown'd,  
 Here all our troubles cease ;  
 Each year that takes its jocund round,  
 Shall bring content and peace.  
 And whilst we sport, and dance, and play,  
 The tabor blithe shall sound ;  
 We'll laugh and chant our carols gay,  
 While merry bells ring round.  
 Now mirth, and glee, and pastime light,  
 The frolick hours shall share ;  
 And sparkling eyes shall wake to night,  
 To-morrow's time for care.

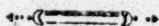


## DUET.

**T**IME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,  
 Nor bent me with his iron hand ;  
 Ah why so soon the blossom tear,  
 Ere autumn yet the fruit demand ?  
 Let me enjoy the cheerful day,  
 'Till many a year has o'er me roll'd ;  
 Pleas'd let me trifle life away,  
 And sing of love ere I grow old.



GOD SAVE THE KING.



GOD save great George our King,  
Long live our noble King,  
God save the King!

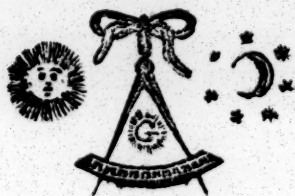
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise,  
Scatter his enemies,  
And make them fall.  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks  
On him our hopes are fix'd,  
O, save us all.

Thy choisest gifts in store  
On him be pleas'd to pour,  
Long may he reign!

May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause,  
To sing with heart and voice,  
God save the King!

O! grant him long to see  
Friendship and unity,  
Always increase:  
May he his sceptre sway,  
All loyal souls obey,  
Join heart and voice huzza!  
God save the King!





TOASTS  
AND  
SENTIMENTS.

---

MAY the British sword ever be successful in a good cause,  
but never unsheathed in a bad one.

Health in freedom, and content in a cottage.

May the interest of the King and Kingdom never be thought  
distant.

The liberty of the press.

A blush of detection to the lover of deceit.

May the smiles of the fair reward the efforts of the brave.

The same King, the same Constitution ; a little reform but  
no *Revolution*.

May the object of our hearts be the companion of our lives.

May we all be unanimous in defence of virtue; and may  
our efforts be crown'd with success, in defence of our  
snug little Island

May sentiment never be sacrificed by the tongue of deceit.

May the turnpike-road to happiness be free from toll bars,  
and the bye ways furnished with guide posts.

A bumper, a friend, and the girl of our heart.

Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

May reason be the pilot when passion blows the gale.

May the sword of justice be swayed by the hand of mercy.

Valour without cruelty, and virtue without hypocrisy.

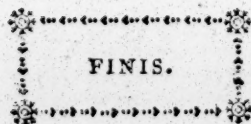
Virtue for a guide, and fortune for an attendant.

When sorrow wrings the soul, may patience calm the mind.

Worth in our hearts, wealth in our houses, and wisdom in  
our heads.

May the hinges of friendship never rust.

The old man just, and the young man honourable.



FINIS.



Harding C 1524